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and **BYSTANDER**

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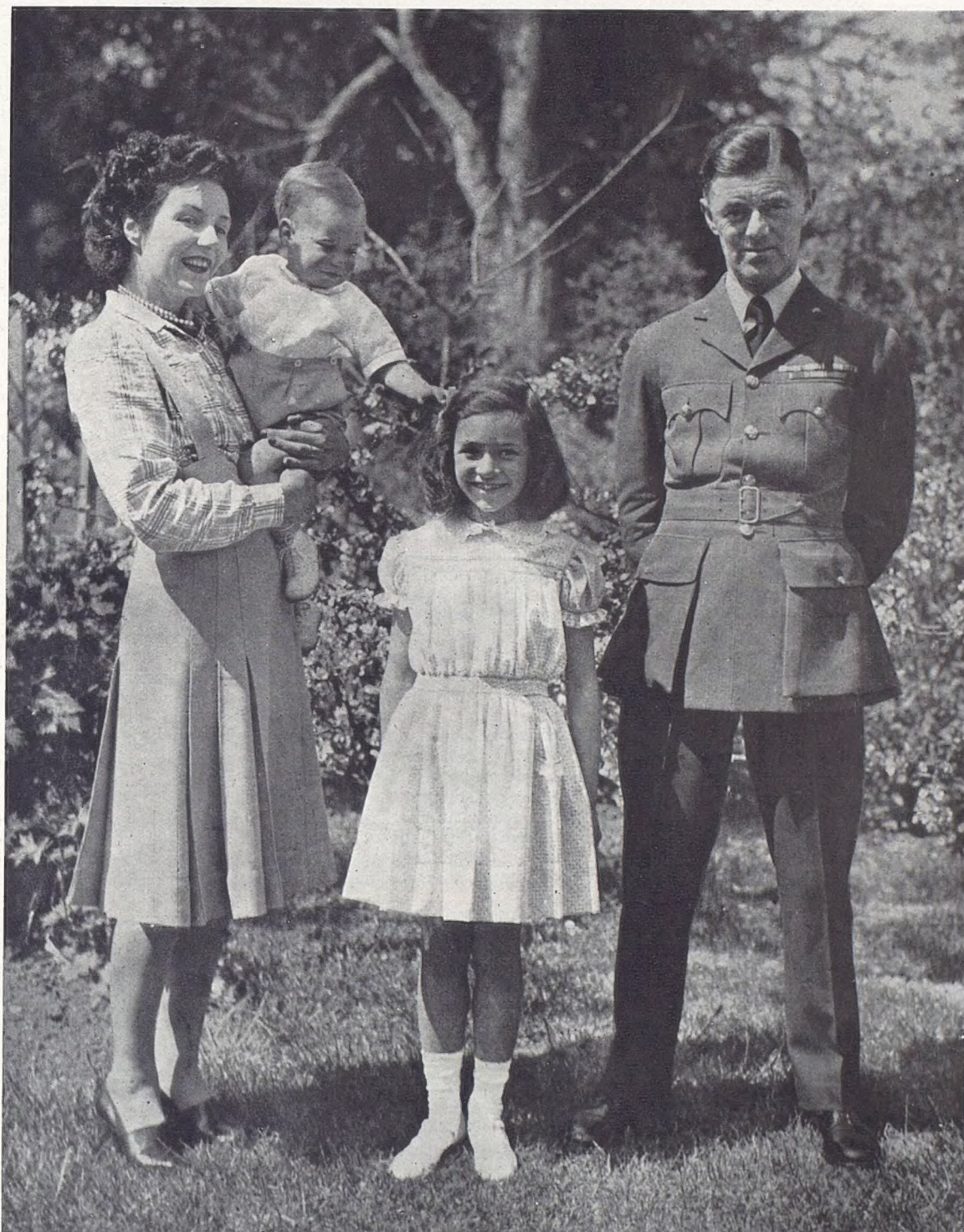
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Clapperton, Selkirk

The Earl and Countess of Haddington and Their Family

Flying Officer the Earl of Haddington, M.C., R.A.F.V.R., and his wife have two children, Lord Binning, who was born in 1941, and Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, aged nine, and their home is Tynningham, Prestonkirk, East Lothian. Lord Haddington is the son of the late Brigadier-General Lord Binning, C.B., M.V.O., and succeeded his grandfather as the twelfth earl in 1917. He served in the last war in the Royal Scots Greys, being wounded and awarded the M.C. In the present war he served in France from 1939 to 1940. He is a D.L. for Berwickshire, and a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers, and bore the Ivory Rod of the Queen at the Coronation of King George VI. Lord Haddington was at one time on the staff of the Governor-General of Canada, and married a daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal. Lady Haddington is a sister of the Countess of Minto



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Example

SURELY the lesson of Mussolini's downfall is that public opinion can make itself felt even in a dictator country. Sooner or later the dictator must recognise his unpopularity and bow to the will of the people, no matter how perfect the organisation he has created and the protection it affords him. The fact is that sooner or later the strain of maintaining a dictatorship becomes too great for any one man. Time is against the individual.

This is the secret of Mussolini's collapse. I have always believed that personalities are more important than policies, that individuals repay careful watching. When the strength of an individual runs out and his will begins to flag, he is finished. This is what has happened in Mussolini's case. After twenty-one years of complete power he could not face the succession of defeats. His boasts began to mean nothing, for the Italian people had realised that Mussolini's past policies had been nothing more than a mirage. So he had to step off the stage like any politician in a democratic country. He had to recognise the wishes of the people. If he had not done so he would have been broken by the relentless will of an angry people.

Record

MUSSOLINI's was a remarkable career. A lot of it represented nothing more than a show of tinsel, but in his early days he did strive and succeed in doing good works for the Italian people. In those days it was easy for Mussolini to thrust any opposition aside. With the years he became ruthless and more vain. He was not content merely to strengthen Italy internally. He wanted to become an empire builder and dazzle the world. This ambition caused him to launch into the whirlpool of foreign politics, and there he mistook what he saw. He imagined that the diplomats of democratic

countries were not strong men like himself. He then rashly assumed that all democratic countries were spineless and without will. Above all, he mistook the proffered friendship of Britain for decadence. It was Mussolini who was the first to say that the youth of Britain were decadent. Hitler was not as rash. Mussolini pursued his Caesar's course and forgot that after all he was only Benito Mussolini, partner in the Hitler firm of Axis Limited, crooks, treasure thieves, land snatchers and murderers.

Isolated

DO not let us make any mistake and imagine that Mussolini was unimportant to the Germans. He was an essential part in the structure created by Hitler. The Germans may have despised the Italians and criticised them, but they were essential to the stage show. Without Mussolini and his unsuccessful soldiers, Hitler is going to feel naked. When Italy withdraws from the war, Hitler will be alone, Germany will be exposed. The fortress of Europe will become smaller and more vulnerable. Hitler can no longer boast of the Axis. Togo, the other partner, is facing his problems in far distant Japan, and nobody can imagine that he thinks like Hitler. Japan cannot help Germany. We do not know yet what will be the effect of the downfall of Mussolini in Japan. Mussolini always claimed the credit for bringing Japan into the Axis.

Reverse

MUSSOLINI's decline has come at a time when Hitler faces the gravest threat from the power of Russia. Marshal Stalin has been able to claim—he doesn't boast—that the Russians have brought the German summer offensive to a halt. There is more in this than mere words. All the implications of the military situation on the Eastern Front imply a serious defeat for



General MacArthur in Sydney

On his recent visit to Sydney, General MacArthur, C.-in-C. of the Allied Forces in the South-West Pacific, found much of interest to discuss with the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. John Curtin

Hitler, unless he can rally great strength and regain the initiative which he has lost. It is possible to argue that in the circumstances Hitler and the Germans might be able to stage a tremendous effort to stop and seriously interrupt the onrush of the Russians. It would be natural to expect this from the Germans, for they are born fighters and Hitler is a man whose will is such as to make him fight best in a corner. But here again, we face the human problem. Can Hitler continue to carry the responsibilities of his dictatorship? We know the efficiency of the Nazi Party organisation, and we must respect it. Yet we ought to recognise that Hitler is the main link. If his will weakens the Nazi Party can quickly go the way of the Fascist Party. Men are more important than policies; all organisations in the last resort depend on the will of one man.

Successor

MARSHAL BADOGLIO is the old and well-tried servant of the Italian Royal House. Obviously he has been brought to power at this moment of crisis for two reasons. The first is



U.S. Press Chiefs at a Bomber Night Party

Mr. Robert McLean, President of the Associated Press of America, is in this country as the guest of the M.O.I. He has been visiting American military establishments in this country and this picture was taken at the Bomber H.Q. of the U.S. Eighth Air Force. He is seen (left) with Air Vice-Marshal R. Saundby, Brig.-Gen. F. L. Anderson and Mr. Arthur Sulzberger



Belgian C.-in-C. with the Boy Scouts

General Van Strydonck de Burkel, C.-in-C. of the Free Belgian Army, spent a day in camp with Belgian boy scouts and girl guides. He is seen speaking to Staff Sergeant Dick Griffith of Norfolk, Va., a well-known Scout leader in the United States, while Sir Percy Everett, Deputy Chief Scout, looks on approvingly. On the extreme left is the Belgian scoutmaster

that there was nobody else in Italy with a name which might attract popular support, and the second reason is that Marshal Badoglio is the only man who might save the Royal dynasty. This last is the aged Marshal's real task. Italians have always loved their King, and particularly have the soldiers supported the Throne. For King Victor Emmanuel was always interested in the Army and in the welfare of his soldiers.

This will mean a lot in maintaining order in Italy, but I do not believe it can be regarded as of any military consequence in relation to the progress of the war. The very fact of Mussolini's disappearance and Marshal Badoglio's assumption of power will mean peace to the Italians. Once this idea has spread through the country any military ardour that is left will vanish. Conceivably the prospect of peace will also affect those Italian soldiers stationed in such outposts as the Balkans. They are not going to fight with and for the Germans now that Marshal Badoglio is in power. They know that Marshal Badoglio is not tied to Hitler's chariot as Mussolini was.

In these circumstances the outlook is bleak for Hitler. Italian soldiers may not have been up to German standards, but they are good policemen in countries where hope had nearly died and murder and pillage had run riot. If Hitler was short of troops before Mussolini's downfall, what is his problem going to be as the winter approaches and the Allies close in on Germany with the power to strike quickly and strongly at any given point.

Terms

MR. CHURCHILL and President Roosevelt have made plain the terms on which they will accept the capitulation of Italy. Sooner or later these terms must be accepted, and we must see the fact that when they are accepted new and heavy responsibilities will be placed on the Allies. Let us hope that these responsibilities will be fulfilled in complete agreement and without any bickering. The example of France springs to mind in contemplating the future of Italy. There is the sorry story of the differences which have arisen and still persist in regard to General de Gaulle and General Giraud. I hope that we shall not find this repeated in Italy. There is reason to believe that we shall not. The organisation of Amgot under Major-General Lord Rodd ensures reasonably efficient military adminis-



Officers of the Soviet Army at Sandhurst

Four Soviet officers recently inspected the training of R.A.C. cadets at the Military College, O.C.T.U., Sandhurst. Lieutenant-Colonel Lebedev, Major-General Sklyarov (Soviet Military Attaché), Colonel Gorbatorov and Colonel Dragun (Head of the Soviet Military Mission) are seen listening to an officer instructor in the wooded grounds of the college

tration, but it is in the realm of politics that we shall have to be watchful. It has been laid down as a principle that we can have nothing to do with former Fascists. But the fact is that there are few public men in Italy who have not been Fascists. All those who had any political or administrative experience before Mussolini's seizure of power are now too old, or have long been banished.

Visitor

IT is timely that Dr. T. V. Soong has come to this country for discussions at this crucial period in the war. As China's Foreign Secretary he will be able to speak for Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. We know Dr. Soong to be a man of scholarship as well as political experience, whose influence in China is considerable. At no time has it been so important that the United Nations should be united and ready to deal with any development. The war is proceeding rapidly to crisis point, and China has a big role to play. After years of war she remains strong and determined and more nationally awake than ever. Dr. Soong has been in the

United States for several months and is to continue the conversations he has had with the United States Government in London.

Peer

As I watched Viscount Wavell take his seat in the House of Lords the other day, I was struck by the remarkable series of events which had been part of his life. Not many months ago he was directing his soldiers through the jungles of Burma. But a short time before that he was fighting in the African Desert. Now he is a legislator, and soon will be occupying the Viceroy's palace in New Delhi. Such experiences come to few men in a lifetime, not to mention in the space of a few years. In London, Viscount Wavell has been acquainting himself with the machinery of the India Office and preparing himself for his great task, which is bound to make considerable demands on him. He is not likely, therefore, to exercise his right to join in the debates in the House of Lords, though he could add some interesting chapters to the continuous discussions in that august chamber.



General de Gaulle with the Bey of Tunis

The Bey of Tunis, Sidi Lamine Bey, recently honoured General de Gaulle by conferring on him the Beylical Order of the Blood Royal, a high distinction which virtually makes the general a Brother of the Bey. The above photograph was taken in the inner courtyard of the Bey's Palace at Carthage, immediately after the ceremony and shows General de Gaulle wearing the collar of the Order



Sir Archibald Sinclair in the Middle East

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, is making an extensive tour of air stations in North Africa and the Middle East. He has met senior air officers and men of many of the United Nations during the tour, and is seen with Air Vice-Marshal Taylor during an inspection visit of training and maintenance units at an airfield in the Middle East

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Bosh and Tosh

By James Agate

LADY ELEANOR SMITH is an excellent novelist, who can tell a good tale whether it be about ballerinas or circus-riders. She moves easily from country to country and period to period, and has all those graces of style which, when the yarn she happens to be pitching is not particularly new, conceal the fact. In the cinema the graces are bound to disappear, with the result that nothing is left except the bare bones of the story. I can imagine that *The Man in Grey* (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) is an excellent novel. How comes it, then, that there was not a moment in the film version of her book when I would not have gladly dived for my hat? Can it be that at 10.45 in the morning one just does not feel in the romantic vein? But let the reader judge.

THE HON. CLARISSA RICHMOND (Phyllis Calvert), a blonde beauty round about the beginning of the last century, is the star pupil at Miss Patchett's academy at Bath. Also at the school is Miss Hester Shaw (Margaret Lockwood), a good-looking brunette belonging to an impoverished family and accepted as a charity pupil. Presently Hester finds she has had enough of Miss Patchett and her charity and runs away with a young Ensign who, we hear, comes later to a sticky end. Clarissa also leaves the academy, becomes one of London's most dashing débutantes, and is sought in marriage by the rich but infamous Marquis of Rohan (James Mason), whose tastes run to duelling, dog-fights and gambling. He is not in love with Clarissa but wants an heir. Indeed, I can imagine Lady Eleanor making the scene of his proposal quite amusing. I can imagine his lordship saying (putting the words of Millamant into the mouth of the naughty marquis): "Good Clarissa, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again—as if we were proud of one another the first week and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together; but let us be very strange and well-bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all." What the marquis says is: "We shall live at my house in Grosvenor Square. You will go your way and I with your permission will go mine, and in this manner you will find marriage quite agreeable."

AN incident now follows which I find very difficult to follow. Clarissa, hearing that her old school friend, Hester, is an actress playing at St. Albans, sets off in her coach to see her. The coach is held up by a dashing young man named Rokeby (Stewart Granger), whom she first takes to be a highwayman but who actually is the leading actor in Hester's troupe and who, in modern parlance, wants a lift. Has he fallen off his horse? Has his coach foundered? Anyhow, they arrive at St. Albans together, and Clarissa arrives at the theatre just in time to see her travelling companion begin Othello's speech: "It is the cause." Which presents us with a nice problem. Did the company start *Othello* with the last act? If not, what is Clarissa doing during the other four? Has she stopped at the inn to order supper and accommodation? Even so, she must be an unusual nitwit to travel all the

way from London merely to see her friend smothered!

A young friend tells me that at this point my attention wandered, and that the journey to St. Albans was only decided on at the last moment. I accept this. But who deputised for Rokeby during the first four acts? And what was he doing on the road miles from the theatre when he should have been in his dressing-room making-up for his part? I ask these questions in view of the fact that the people engaged to make this picture include a director, an editor, a cutter, a period adviser, an adaptor, and an art director. Why not add to these functionaries someone whose business it is to see that the story holds water? After the show Clarissa insists on taking Hester back to town to live with her for no conceivable reason, whereupon, to cut a long film short, the marquis falls in love with the actress, the actress murders her benefactress and is promptly thrashed to death by the marquis.

WELL, dear reader, Regency or no Regency, this is too tall a story for me. But will it be too tall a story for overseas-troops, dusky warriors from Idaho, sailors who have spent months in the crow's nest, WAAFs on leave, and London's floating population generally? I imagine not. There is a lot of noise and bustle, and whenever the word "coach" is mentioned you see the wheels go round. The women's dresses are lovely, there is a glimpse of Vauxhall Gardens and even the Prince Regent puts in an appearance. Everybody in England appears to be in the cast, and Mesdames Calvert and Lockwood vie with each other as to who can achieve the naicest Kensington accent. In short, I imagine that this film will make a lot of money. Women, of course, will see anything. But I advise my male readers to dine well beforehand, with

lashings of liqueur brandy, and to take with them a cigar of Churchillian proportions.

AFTER lunch I hied me to the Pavilion to see *Undercover*. In this a number of our charming and familiar native actors run up and down Box Hill and the Hog's Back pretending to be guerillas in Yugo-Slavia. Here is John Clements putting up a vigorous pretence of being called Milosh Petrovitch, Stephen Murray asking us to believe that he is called Dr. Stevan Petrovitch and Tom Walls tipping us the wink that he is not our old friend, but Kossan Petrovitch the father of the other two, and ready to be executed at a moment's notice if he can serve his country thereby. Godfrey Tearle, as the Nazi General, looks about as German as Aubrey Smith. But need I continue? I just didn't believe a word of it. Do I mean that British actors should not attempt to portray Yugo-Slavians? No. When, in the play *The Moon is Down* Lewis Casson plays the part of the Norwegian mayor, I am willing to make the pretence that the mayor is Norwegian, and I make that pretence because there is something in the play worth listening to. In other words, Steinbeck's piece has something to say, whereas *Undercover* has nothing to say. It tells how Yugo-Slavian guerillas, very much in the English Saturday afternoon spirit, set about making themselves nuisances to invaders. And, of course, successful nuisances. Is the safe running of a railway line and the preservation of a tunnel essential to the Nazis? Then you arrange for one of your heroes to instal himself in a first class carriage, having placed in his suit-case a bomb timed to explode so that it blows up hero, train, tunnel and Uncle Tom Cobby and all. Does nobody search the luggage? Yes, but it is a rule in this kind of film that no Nazi shall ever find what he is looking for. Do the guerillas want to destroy a lot of Nazis? If so, it's quite simple. They open fire from a farm house from which they then allow themselves to be ejected. Whereupon the Nazis take possession and are blown to blazes, the idea that the place can be mined not having occurred to them. The synopsis says that "any similarity to any incident is coincidental." I agree.



"Undercover" tells the Story of Jugoslav Peasants

The peasants combine to divert the attention of the Nazis while guerillas destroy the local railway station. Centre is Tom Walls as an old farmer with Ivor Barnard, the quisling station-master

Fiction and Fact

Two British Productions Find Their Inspiration in Treachery of the Past and Courage of the Present



Clarissa, Marchioness of Rohan (Phyllis Calvert) falls in love with a young actor, Peter Rokeby (Stewart Granger) and decides to leave her husband



Before her plans can materialise, Clarissa is taken ill and dies. Her one-time friend, Hester (Margaret Lockwood) who is now her husband's mistress, pretends concern. In the background is the Marquis (James Mason)

The Man in Grey (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) is taken from the novel by Lady Eleanor Smith. It is a romantic costume play of the nineteenth century, and tells a story of infidelity and treachery. A happy ending is provided by a flash forward into the twentieth century when descendants of the unhappy lovers meet and history repeats itself, this time with the prospect of a happy ending



Resistance to the Terrorism of the Nazi Invader

Nazi military governor (Godfrey Tearle) is shot by patriots. He is operated on by Stevan (Stephen Murray) who in saving his life gains his patient's confidence and is thus able to give valuable aid to the guerillas



Guerilla H.Q. in Yugoslav Mountains
John Clements, Mary Morris and Michael Wilding as members of the guerilla band

Undercover (London Pavilion) is based on factual records of modern warfare in the Yugoslav mountains. Nazi brutality, quivering treachery and peasant courage are combined to bring home to us the sufferings of the occupied countries who fight on under cover to speed the day of Allied victory in spite of the overwhelming odds against them

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

It's Time to Dance (Winter Garden)

MR. JACK BUCHANAN is a first-rate light comedian, and his return to the London footlights is most welcome. He is, moreover, a star who does not abuse his ascendancy by shining alone, but shares it with worthy colleagues. This new show, which he has produced, is a musical one; and though its devisers—librettists, lyricists, composers, and dance and decorative experts—number a round dozen, it is excellent of its kind. The book is the usual olla podrida of unlikely adventures garnished with rhythmic ensembles, and spiced with unfettered fun. His brilliant direction gives it poise, cohesion and continuity. Purporting to cover a case of mistaken identity, it imposes on the hero (Mr. Buchanan at his engaging best) the task of impersonating an infamous crook known as The Tiger, whose special quarry is the fabulous jewellery of equally fabulous ladies whom his Casanovan arts and technical craft combine to subdue.

Such apocryphal narratives, not uncommon to musical comedy, serve as the cords on which the synthetic pearls are strung. Less common is the use which Mr. Buchanan, both as actor and producer, makes of this material, and the art with which, so to speak, that use is made.

For example: he is no Caruso. The timbre of his singing voice is cunning rather than operatic. It has an edge. Yet what more florid tenor, complete with grace notes and roulades, could point, as he does, the words of the lyrics, or so neatly finesse their melodies? And while that master of current rhythm, Mr. Buddy Bradley, who has arranged the dances, is his occasional dancing partner, comparisons between them are not odious. There is style in all he does; the art that is fine enough to conceal itself, even in the exploitation of personal charm. That chiselled, sagacious nose of his, which, in a lesser artist, would blow the ridiculous gaff, seems to sharpen his simulation of feckless inanity, while his smile is notoriously disarming.



Left: It's time to dance and Jack and Elsie don't let the opportunity go by (Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph)

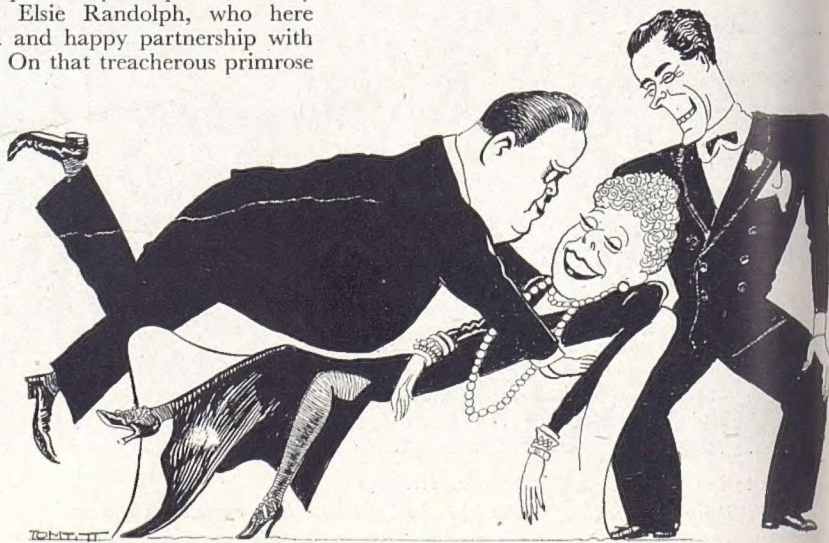
*Sketches by
Tom Titt*



The crooks are a motley gang. Joe Quigley, Andrew Leigh, Harry Lane and Charles Minor are introduced by their leader (Anthony Howard).

THE incidental duologues, those foolish cadenzas he shares with Mr. Fred Emney, neither intrude nor prejudice the gangster heroics, but heighten their implausible excitement. True, Mr. Emney would impose faith on scepticism itself, and make even murder homely. He is built that way. Such rude fun as is poked at his avoirdupois intensifies his immunity to the force of gravity and sustains his balloon-like buoyancy. Note the nonchalance of his comic attack, the summer lightning of his ripostes, and his sublimely unruffled assurance. Until now, I had not heard Mr. Buchanan play the fiddle. Accompanied by Mr. Emney at the piano, he plays both the fool and the fiddle to such purpose that, while the fiddle (like the audience) splits its sides, authentic excerpts from the classics are absurdly recognisable.

The prevailing wit of the piece is aimed above no one's head, but at the average solar plexus, and does not miss the mark. The bridal path that meanders through the gangster scenery is made pleasantly companionable by reassuring Miss Elsie Randolph, who here resumes her old and happy partnership with Mr. Buchanan. On that treacherous primrose



Right: A lesson in how to make love is given by Lord D'Arcy. (Fred Emney, Marjorie Brooks and Jack Buchanan)



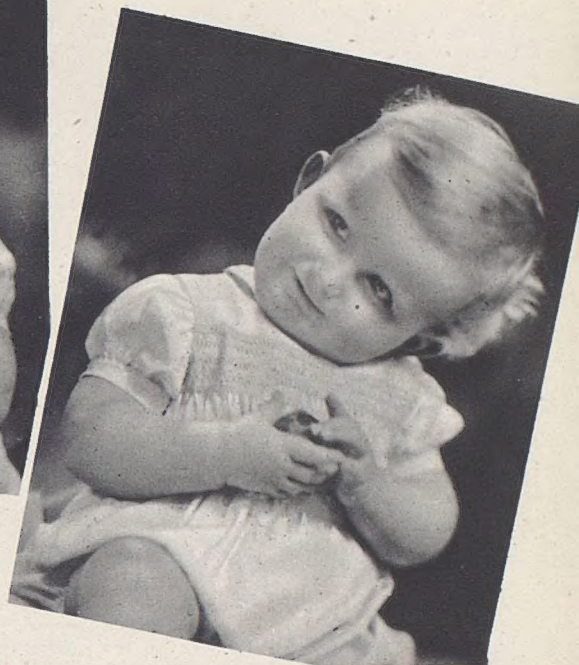
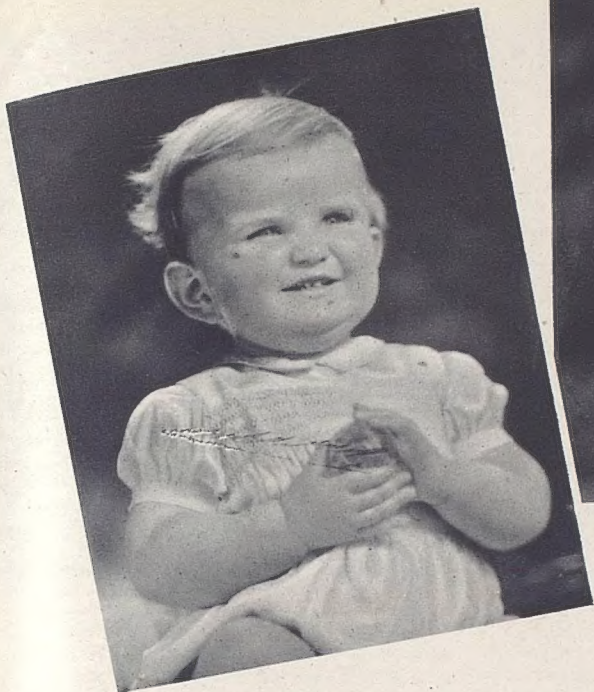
The sleuthing of crooks leads to strange disguises. Here Lord D'Arcy (Fred Emney) and Willmott Brown (Jack Buchanan) take the place of the missing musicians.

path, along which the plot compels the equivocal hero to stray, he meets, in Miss Marjorie Brooks, such a dazzling, uninhibited siren as makes sailors not care, and from whom, after patient tuition by Mr. Emney in the Lotharian arts of love, he secures the pearls that betray the gang.

THE scenes range from the gaudier apartments of the Milan Hotel with their plethora of farce-slamming doors, to a subterranean cellar so deep that the main sewer of the town obtrudes as a ceiling decoration. Here the dirtier cross-roads' work is appropriately plotted by a gang that is as mixed in breed and dastardy as ever curdled law-abiding blood.

A pretty inset is provided by Miss Daria Luna who, in the traditional toilette of classical ballet, is borne, like a white gardenia, into the hotel soirée on the shoulder of her partner, and there dances an expert adagio with the aplomb of the promising young ballerina she is.

After the frightful explosion that hoists the gang with its own petard, comes love's apotheosis, and curtain-fall which releases the pent-up, rapturous applause. On the first night, flowers and complimentary mascots were discharged by the gods with a heartfelt but uncertain aim that, falling just short of the footlights, made the orchestral pit like the trenches. All was well, however. These trophies were recovered and found their proper billets; the first-night speeches were made, and a pronounced success assured of its happy sequel.



Robert Sheridan Morley

One and a Half

Sheridan Morley, Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Robert Morley, with His Parents



Mrs. Morley with Her Son



Photographs by Marcus Adams

Robert Morley Gives Sheridan a Ride

The Robert Morleys' young son, Sheridan, is growing up, and attained the age of one last December. He was born on the first night of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, the very successful play still running at the Savoy, in which his father plays the name-part. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morley were married early in 1940. She is the only daughter of Capt. Herbert Buckmaster and of Mrs. Philip Merrivale (Gladys Cooper), who is now living in California, and recently signed a big film contract with M.-G.-M. Mrs. Morley's brother, John Buckmaster, is serving with the U.S. Army Air Corps

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Forty-Three To-Day

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN is forty-three to-day, the twenty-ninth anniversary of the declaration of the First World War. There are to be no special celebrations and the Queen's diary is full of official appointments to-day as it is on any day of a crowded week. During the past days Her Majesty has visited the Royal Academy, to which she took Princess Elizabeth, and where she added yet another to her private collection of modern paintings by buying one of Sir Walter Russell's exhibits, the National Gallery lunch-hour concert, the Women's Institute Exhibition at Caxton Hall and the W.A.A.F. Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery. Lunch guests at the Palace have included the King of Norway, King Peter of Yugoslavia, the Princess Royal, and Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Palace News

SIR WILLIAM DICK, the famous sculptor who did the King George V. National Memorial, is to do a new bust of His Majesty the King. Sir William has already had several sittings at the Palace and an official announcement may be made at any moment. According to all those who have had the honour of having His Majesty as a sitter, the King is an ideal model, in spite of the fact that sittings are frequently interrupted by problems of State which require immediate attention.

M.N. Comforts

IT was Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson's very excellent idea that a film party at her lovely home, Collingwood Hall, Camberley, would help the Merchant Navy Comforts Service, in which she has always been interested. Gaumont-British lent her the film *Battle of North Africa*, and this was shown in the American Skittle Alley, and followed by a cold supper (made, mostly, from garden produce) in the drawing-room, which is normally used as the packing-room for the M.N. Comforts Depot, run in the house, which has already supplied

over 50,000 comforts. On this evening there were set up long tables under red-and-white awnings which matched the red-and-white check cloths on the tables. The whole scene was very gay and looked most picturesque against the celadon-green walls. Mr. Hutchinson and some of the men guests acted as waiters and handed things round, dealing with the peach punch and Algerian wine cup at the same time. Air Marshal D'Albiac, who takes a special interest in the Merchant Navy since his wife, having been twice torpedoed, was saved after five days in an open boat, was there; so was Brig.-Gen. William Carr, who drove Mrs. Carr over in a dog-cart with a nice fat pony in the shafts. Lord Willingdon brought his newly-wed wife—they came on foot over fields and meadows—and his mother came over from Virginia Water. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare and Effie, Lady Selsdon were staying in the house; Lord and Lady Greville and the latter's son, Mr. Hamilton Kerr, M.P., were others there; also the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys who brought Lady Middleton over from Camberley.

Country Flash

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON has made her home in Hertfordshire since the death of her mother. She has a charming little house on Hadley Green, which it directly faces. It has a lovely rose garden which keeps her house filled with flowers at this time of year. Lady Curzon took this house so that she could be near her elder son, Alfred Duggan, who is now doing war work in the neighbourhood after being invalided out of the Army. He lives with her and has masses of his beloved books almost covering the walls of his sitting-room. Her other son, Hubert, who is M.P. for Acton, is in the Life Guards, and her only daughter, Mrs. Edward Rice, divides her time between her own home near Dover, where her husband farms, and the house at Farringdon, where she has her children. Lady Curzon has been working in a hospital in Hertfordshire, helping in the babies' wards.

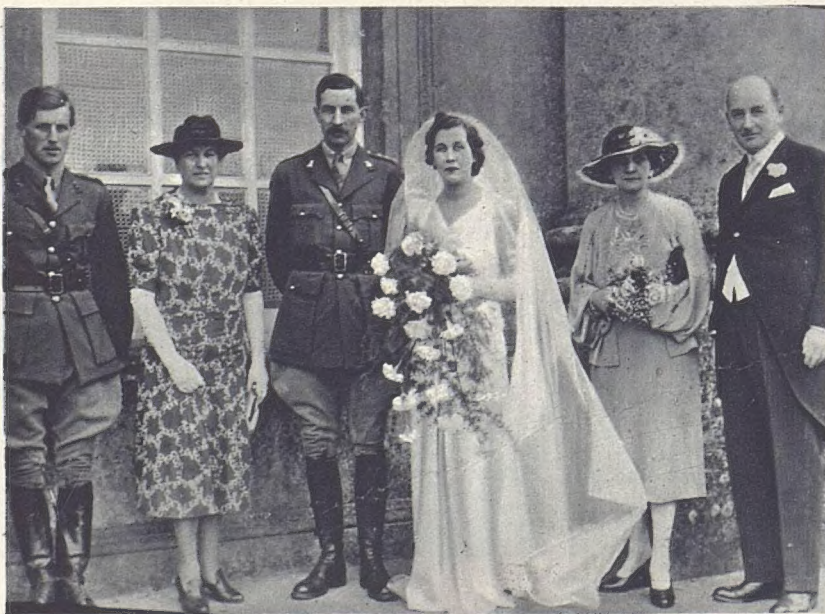


Wife of the Minister of Production

Lady Moira Lyttelton, wife of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, is working part time in an aircraft production factory in the South of England. She is known in the factory as Mrs. Lyttelton, and works several days a week in five-hour shifts.

Musical Evening

MRS. ROBERT BALFOUR and her sister, Mrs. George Earle, who live together in the former's house in Wilton Crescent, gave another of their musical parties in the double drawing-room now brought into use after being in "curl-papers" since the early days of the war. The staff work was excellent, for before the music there were drinks arranged on the landing, and afterwards a cold supper on the cafeteria principle, each guest fetching plate and cutlery and taking them into the dining-room, which opens on to a spacious hall where the food was set out. The musical programme was neither too long nor too high-brow, and was greatly enjoyed, especially the duets from the co-hostesses, the piano-playing of Mrs. Cecil Harcourt, the "London Cries" from Lady Grant and the Scottish songs in a deep baritone from Dr. McNab, who is at St. George's Hospital, where Mrs. Earle works as a V.A.D. in the operating theatre. Among those sitting round listening and applauding were Sir Eric



The Bride and Groom and Some of the Guests at an Oxfordshire Wedding

Capt. John Kenneth Henderson, Oxford Yeomanry, eldest son of the late Capt. R. R. Henderson, M.P., of Studley Priory, Oxon, and of Mrs. Henderson, of Winchester Road, Oxford, was married recently to Miss Charlotte Ochiltree Stuart. The photograph shows Major the O'Grady, R.A. (best man), Mrs. Henderson (the bridegroom's mother), Capt. and Mrs. John Henderson, Mrs. Stuart (the bride's mother), and Mr. P. V. Emrys-Evans, M.P. for South Derbyshire, and the bride's uncle

Guests at the wedding which took place at St. Mary's Church, Kirtlington, included Mrs. Boog-Scott, Miss Sarah Tomlin, Mrs. Denys Wrey, the Hon. Mary Lampson (eldest daughter of Lord Killearn, by his first marriage), Miss Jean Henderson and Major Tatham-Warter, who was one of the ushers. The reception was held at Kirtlington Park

D. R. Stuart



First Nighters at the Vaudeville Theatre See "Lottie Dundass"

Lady Diana Duff Cooper was escorted by Mr. Cecil Beaton, the well-known photographer, journalist and author, who is shortly publishing a new book about the Middle East. Lady Diana is the youngest aunt of the Duke of Rutland, and the wife of the Rt. Hon. Alfred Duff Cooper, P.C., D.S.O., M.P.

Early arrivals included Lady Birkin, Mrs. Campbell Grey and Sir Charles Birkin. Sir Charles, who is the Marquise de Casa Maury's brother, succeeded his uncle, the late Sir Alexander Russell Birkin, in 1942. His wife was well known on the stage before her marriage in 1910 as Janet Johnson

Swaebe

and Lady Phipps with their two daughters; Lady Gainsborough and her daughter; Lady Maureen Noel, who with the rest of the family is now back from the U.S.A.; Sir Charles Doughty, Kathleen, Lady Domville, Canon and Mrs. Tupper-Carey, Lady (Charles) Craven, who had composed some of the ballads sung by Mrs. Earle; Mrs. June de Trafford with her eighteen-year-old son, Dermot, in the uniform of a R.N.V.R. "snotty" and soon off to the East; Ellie, Lady MacMahon and Lady Latta.

Mayfair Party

THE flat into which Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme moved not so long ago is a good one for entertaining, and as this popular couple like nothing better than throwing a party, it goes without saying that their latest effort the other evening was a great success. One of the first people I saw there was Lord Queenborough, who was with his daughter, the Hon. Audrey Paget. Her sister,

Enid, was not able to get along as her work at the U.S.A. Rainbow Club was keeping her busy. The tall figure of the Archduke Robert of Austria could not be missed, nor that of Lady Bruntisfield, who looks absurdly young to be the mother of two sons on active service. Lady Headfort came with her husband; Lady Shakespeare, wife of Sir Geoffrey, who organised so brilliantly the evacuation of British children to new homes in the Empire in 1940, was there; so was Lady Ravensdale, Lady Crosfield and Lady Middleton. Sir Timothy Eden's daughter, Anne, was among the girls, and the young-marrieds included Mrs. Dreyfus, with her husband and mother.

Personality Parade

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry lunched out; so did the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend; Lady Eleanor Smith wore her dark hair in a red fish-net snood; Mrs. Harold Huth, wife of the actor, and formerly Lady Hindlip, was another lunching; so were the Misses Ursula and Molly Whyndham-Quin, of outstanding good looks, Mrs. Towers-Clark in the becoming dark blue of her Civil Defence uniform, and Mr. Fred Ralli, who works by day in the city and in the evenings in one of the biggest of our invaluable factories (incidentally, he is also attempting to grow melons in the garden of his delightful ground-floor flat behind Belgrave Square, and had news of Cecil Beaton's new book about the Middle East).

Mr. Derek Stanley Smith writes from a far, and wild, part of Scotland, where the Hon. Oliver Lymington is also stationed; Capt. Charles Harding writes from farther, but probably less wild, India, where he is A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras. Lady Juliet Duff is among the factory workers; her son, Sir Michael Duff, is in the R.A.F. and works in London, sharing a flat with the Hon. David Herbert; also about in London is Mrs. Sewell, who writes successful books under the name of Mary Lutyens. The charming widow of a famous writer, Mrs. Donn Byrne, lives in Chelsea, and is herself a successful playwright; others who live in Chelsea are Miss Constance Cummings and Miss Joan Greenwood, who is taking over Miss Deborah Kerr's part of Ellie Dunn in *Heartbreak House*. Mr. Augustus John, at the same time picturesque and distinguished, was seen out walking; Mr. John Davenport and Mr. Dylan Thomas, the poet, were together; Mrs. Pat Gamble and her sister, Miss Pamela White, had tea, both hatless and very attractive; and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash shopped in a mink cape.

(Concluded on page 152)



Ciné Enthusiast

Sixteen-year-old Lord De Freyne chose a spot on the rails to film the finish of the Arnott T.Y.O. Plate, at Phoenix Park. With him is his sister, the Hon. Patience French



Pooler, Dublin

At Phoenix Park Races

Lady Lambart watched the racing with her son, Sir Oliver Lambart, of Beau Parc, Co. Meath. Lady Lambart is a sister of Lord Brabazon



D. R. Stuart

Father and Daughters

Sir Algernon Peyton was Senior Usher at the Henderson-Stuart wedding. He brought with him his two daughters, both of whom are July brides. Delia was married to Major Barnett last week, while Elizabeth married Capt. Bingham at the beginning of the month



Ann Todd plays Lottie Dundass, daughter of a homicidal maniac, granddaughter of a famous actor, a girl whose inheritance has from the first marked her for tragedy. The weak heart she has always feared proves ultimately to be her greatest blessing

"Lottie Dundass"— a Psychological Thriller

A Play of Mother Love and Inherited Inhibitions
by the Author of "National Velvet"



The conversations of mother and daughter, (Sybil Thorndike, and Ann Todd) serve as the means of acquainting the audience with the history of the Dundass family. Lottie constantly seeks confirmation from her mother that she has inherited her grandfather's great histrionic gifts



Lottie's friend Rose (Renee Ascherson) is secretary to a theatrical producer, Mr. Porphery (Bruce Winston). When one of his productions is temporarily depleted of both star and understudy through illness and misfortune, Rose persuades Mr. Porphery to give Lottie a chance



Groomed for the part she is to play, Lottie is about to go on the stage when a disturbance outside her dressing-room tells her that the understudy has unexpectedly returned. For Lottie, it means the end of all her plans. The success she has dreamed of is to be snatched out of her grasp

● **"Lottie Dundass"** is a new play presented by a new management at the Vaudeville Theatre. The author, Enid Bagnold, is already well known as a novelist; the management, who have chosen the name of Farn-dale, is comparatively unknown at the present time, though future plans indicate that this will not be for long. *Lottie Dundass* is strong drama. It is the story of a girl without a spark of decency—a dominating, selfish, cruel character who saps the kindness and humanity from all around her. As played by Ann Todd, Lottie Dundass is terrifyingly inhuman. It is her mother (Dame Sybil Thorndike) who gains all our sympathy. As a selfless, enduring mother, Dame Sybil gives one of the most poignant performances of her career. The plot is unfolded in the pictures below

Photographs by John Vickers



Lottie is incapable of any real affection for anyone but herself. Nevertheless, it has satisfied her ego to arouse desire in the young carpenter Leppie Dow (John Jarvis). He wants to marry her, but is dissuaded by Mrs. Dundass, who tells him something of her daughter's inherited inhibitions



Sybil Thorndike is Mrs. Dundass, a woman who has lived with the ever-present horror of madness, who knows poverty and the drudgery of a large family in circumstances such as these. Lottie, in spite of a complete lack of any lovable quality, is her favourite child



Determined at all costs to have her chance, Lottie manages to get the understudy out of the way. The evening is not a great success, and after her performance Lottie receives the Press in her dressing-room and is asked to explain the curious absence of the understudy



Mrs. Dundass comes to her daughter's room seeking information about the missing girl. She fears the knowledge which she knows must come. Even the faithful Rose suspects the worst. Under the accusing eyes of the two who have always loved her, Lottie gives way



Antony

The Prospect Before Him

Robert Helpmann, Sadler's Wells choreographer and principal male dancer, must surely be one of the most versatile and gifted of all theatre personalities. Apart from his work for and with the ballet, he has lately been appearing in film-character parts (his latest role is that of the Bishop of Ely in Laurence Olivier's production of *Henry V.*), and now he is to add to his many interests by producing in the autumn Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, with himself in the name-part. This production, which is to run for six to eight weeks, will be something quite apart from the ballet *Hamlet*, for which Helpmann did the choreography, although Leslie Hurry will again be designing the sets and costumes, as he did for the Sadler's Wells presentation. In such spare time as he has, Helpmann is working on a new ballet, based on Oscar Wilde's *Dorian Gray*, to be produced in the late autumn, with decor by Sophie Fedorovitch and music specially composed by Clifton Parker.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CARLO SCORZA, Fascist Party Secretary, certainly pulled out the wrong tremolo stop in his recent organ-fantasia on the horrors of an Allied occupation when he cried, "Our hotels will be full of rowdy British and American tourists!" Slogger Scorza will remain behind when the bell rings.

The typical British or American "conducted" tourist in Italy, as everybody knows who has examined him, is too utterly worn out to do anything but lie back numb and dazed with his poor old hot aching dogs up, after being driven all day with the herd through cathedrals, palaces, churches, art-galleries, and museums. Beauty (which as Somerset Maugham truly says, is exhausting) has socked him on the mazzard and he is about as fit for rowdyism as a vergers' meeting after a good dressing-down from a raving Dean.

In our unfortunate view the travel-agencies are very, very naughty to harry the tourist as they do, and Our Dumb Chums' League ought to intervene before they resume. There's a frightful guidebook we know called "Rome in a Week" which exudes secret, sadistic relish from every page. A week! It takes a month to look intelligently, for example, at one single cusp, boss, or corbel on the tall Paschal candlestick by Niccolo de Angelo near the Apostle's tomb in the stupendous church of St. Paul-Without-the-Walls (which incidentally was under the protection of the English Crown for centuries and has, or had, the Garter motto over one of its doors), and even then you may not grasp all Niccolo is driving at.

Footnote

ONCE, moved by pity, we egged on a tourist chain-gang in the Louvre to revolt. Two desperate redfaced chaps in plus-fours and an hysterical old lady broke away midway through a lecture on the Gioconda and fled for the nearest Rue de Rivoli tea-shop. They were pursued and re-taken, being cowed, hopeless, and pathetically tired. Not one of the other Island tourists in the tea-shop stirred a finger, deeming this to be bad form.

Temple

NOBODY at the recent Liberal Party conference—or what Dr. Johnson would call "an agglomeration of rancid Whigs"—gave any recent statistics about the Temple of Love on the National

Liberal Club terrace, that little circular stone shrine or oratory facing the Embankment and dedicated to the Cyprian Venus, where members rejected by women retire to compose elegies and cut their throats. Maybe it's closed for the duration?

According to the member who gave us the information, women sicken readily of the embraces of Whigs, complaining of the oily flavour. This complaint goes back to the Great Whig Double-Cross of 1688, when the rich betrayed James II. Ladies of quality then took to the embraces of Tories, but derived little pleasure from them, most Tories being foxhunters and careless, when in liquor, with their spurs. The situation was therefore pretty unsatisfactory until the foundation of the Athenæum Club (1824). Some time later, this chap avers, "Socks" Bright and "Spike" Cobden aroused a lot of adverse comment in the N.L.C. by sniffing round ostentatiously and saying "Pfui! Train-oil!", looking very hard meanwhile at lovesick members. Eventually the little open-air temple on the Club terrace was



GEORGE C. NASH

"Tell me, Withers, is this the beetroot '41 or the '42?"

built, "free to all the cleansing winds of Heaven," as a poetic follower of Gladstone happily phrased it. For some time the temple walls were hung with miniatures of the women who had driven Liberals to despair, but the general effect was so lowering that this was stopped (1889).

We—at least you—know far too little about the sex-life of Clubland, and that little is hardly to Clubland's credit. Wait till the memsahibs leave table and we'll tell you a thing or two, egad.

Romp

DISCUSSING modern dances, a chap on the air forgot to mention one which made us laugh like a ton of old Spam tins (*un rive nutritif*) every time we saw the Race performing it.

This dance, flourishing on the eve of the war, was a naïve, uncivilised thing with a rather bumpy Fourth Form climax. This, as it happened, an authority told us, was nothing more nor less than the climax of the traditional 16th-century witches' dance, performed regularly at midnight Sabbats before the viler mysteries began—e.g. by Dr. Fian and the celebrated North Berwick coven, and many others in Europe. To see those round, innocent, beaming Nordic pans enjoying the romp so much was therefore a quaint experience, like seeing the earnest folk-dance-addicts tripping round the Maypole, all unconscious of its ancient symbolism.

The odd thing, considering some recent dance-importations from the jungle and the Voodoo Belt, is that when the Viennese waltz first came into England it was vehemently denounced by leading dowagers as licentious. Whereas cricket—well, you know the symbolism of cricket. Let us pass on to healthier tropics, as the little actress said laughingly to the psychiatrist.

(Concluded on page 142)



"George is stationed in the Shetlands. He brings one every time he comes on leave . . ."

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Aubade

A GOSSIP-BOY recently shedding tears for a celebrated West End firm of auctioneers, whom he alleged to be terribly over-worked these days, struck a responsive note in us, for we are very fond of auctioneers, like Tennyson, who wrote some charming songs about them, as you may remember.

Some people think the serenade, vespéral, or lullaby, beginning

Sleep and Night have closed the merry
Eyes of Robins, Snell, and Terry,
And the languid Moon doth subtly
Bend to kiss Knight, Frank, and Rutley (etc.)

is Tennyson's loveliest on this topic. Our own preference is for his aubade or waking-song on the same theme:

Awake, sweet Sotheby, and ope those lids,
Responsive to the shy Dawn's opening bids;
See how the summer Morn, dew-pearl'd and misty,

Gilds with fresh gold the candid brow of
Christie!

Hark, how the pretty birds' first matin-call
Evokes the answering pipe of Tattersall,
And now enchants, with new roulades and runs,
The drowsy ear of Debenham, Storr, and Sons!
Hark! Faint from Piccadilly ring the jokes,
The first glad morning-cry of Stokes to Stokes,
And Echo strains to hear the crystal laugh
Which greets the day from Jackson, Stops,
and Staff.

This was the lyric which got Tennyson his viscounty, a business man was telling us. If he could have dug up a rhyme for Marsh and Parsons it would have been an earldom.

Birdie

THAT fierce and noble fowl the haggard or peregrine falcon (*Falco peregrinus*) is due for the high-jump round Lundy Island way, his zest for stooping at homing pigeons having become excessive, apparently.

Note "stooping"—the only specimen of the technical jargon of falconry we are able to put across you, though we've listened with pleasure to one of the few modern adepts of the sport rolling the whole works grandly off his tongue. We could stare at a falcon for hours—he's the dead spit, physically and mentally, of one of those *condottieri* of the Renaissance who enlivened Italian politics. The falcon-type in human physiology is rare and always fascinating; the late R. B. ("Don Roberto") Cunningham-Graham was a fine intellectual specimen. There's an interesting collection of sketches by Michaelangelo or somebody showing the outline-resemblance of certain types of the human pan to that of the horse, the sheep, the ox, the wolf, the weasel, the parrot, and so forth, and you have probably noticed yourself how chaps who fuss over (e.g.) Scottie dogs grow to look

like them. The sheep-face (*profil de mouton*) can be utterly charming in women, as French connoisseurs agree. The horse-type, in its long, sad nobility, is the English spiritual ideal; as you see it at Lord's. Very often the sheep-type marries the horse-type, but the children are never very interesting.

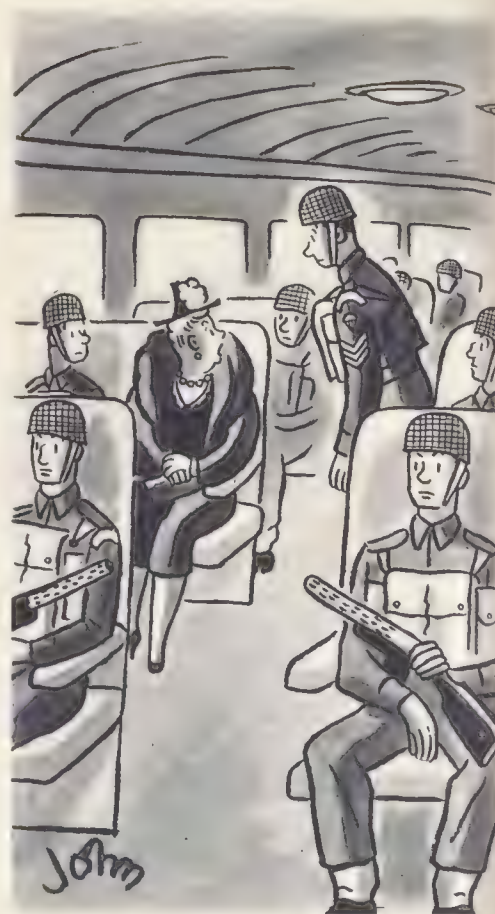
Illusion

HAVING never succeeded in taking ballet seriously, still less its popeyed addicts, from the Lunatic Frings upwards, we deemed the *Times* critic a little over-pompous when rapping the ballet boys for murdering that noble medieval theme *Everyman* recently.

Ballet seems to have reached a state of *tête-montage* in which it thinks it can express anything on earth from *Little Bo-Peep* to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in terms of wagging the arms, the legs, and what a refined Woman's Page Editress recently called "the hollow of the back," or what Dr. Inge once referred to in a B.B.C. talk as the steatopygia (there are about 50 other current Island euphemisms for this portion of the human frame; and we've got 'em all tabulated). It is not difficult to put such an illusion across the *aficionados*, but our feeling is that the ballet boys would be better employed in something else, such as plain knitting.

Cry

IN any case the Chinese have them beaten. With one single flick of the fan a good Chinese actor can convey to any audience that he has just arrived by the 6.57 from Taiping, where his aunt, Distinguished Frosted Willow, who is suffering from an oedematous swelling of the right kneecap, thinks his younger brother Pong ought to have gone in for civil engineering instead of getting mixed up with that girl Moonlit Crystal Rivulet, whose father is a crook.



"Am I to understand this is not the transatlantic clipper?"

To convey this in ballet would mean about fifty successive fouettés, gargouillettes, sauts truffés, and triples; entrecôtes-soufflés aux pommes, and even then only that portion of the audience with dilated glassy pupils and recessive chins would know what the dancer was driving at. Dear Heaven is it worth the struggle? That's our cry—is it worth it?

Word

ON behalf of the hardest-worked adjective in the current English language, common to debts and dustmen alike, we felt somebody ought gently to rap or boff a pedant who was recently trotting out the whimsy old cliché about "bloody" being derived from "by'r Lady." So we asked an educated chap, who said the pedant aforesaid was a fool.

"Bloody" (said this authority) is an ancient adjective, and means exactly what it says. We apologise for inflicting a dollop of culture on you—and ourselves—like this, but we feel more chaps ought to know the significance of words in constant use. And do they? What about the millions who gabble about "democracy," for a start? D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It says—'Ref. your WBS/734—see A.C.1 472/43 and 947/42, as amended by A.C.1 913/43 and further amended by A.C.1 1043/43, sections 3 and 33 Stop If inquiry conforms to paras. 7-9-12 and 14 of A.C.1 108/42—you may then indent on A.F.B.-X763 for replacement copies of 1943 A.C.15, lost through Enemy Action'"



John Vickers

Dame Lilian Braithwaite: a New Portrait

Dame Lilian Braithwaite is well known to all lovers of the theatre. At present she is appearing in Firth Shephard's production of the American comedy *Arsenic and Old Lace*, at the Strand Theatre. As Abby Brewster, a spinster lady of charmingly murderous habits, Dame Lilian has one of the most successful parts of her long career, which started with amateur theatricals with the Irving and Romilly A.D.C.s, the Strolling Players and the O.U.D.S. Since the outbreak of war, Dame Lilian has given a great deal of her time to E.N.S.A., and is responsible for the organising of entertainments in Service hospitals. The announcement in the New Year Honours that she was to be made a D.B.E. gave universal pleasure, not only amongst her personal friends, but also amongst all those who have been her faithful admirers for so many years

Happy Families at Stonor

Stonor Park, the Home of the
Sherman Stonors at Henley



Stonor Park, Country Seat of the Hon. Sherman Stonor



Mrs. Stonor, with Thomas and Georgina in her arms, has a most enviable load of mischief

The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor (Jeanne Stourton that was) must find her hands full these days. Apart from her growing young family of four, she is acting as bailiff of the Stonor Park estate, serving on the rural council and looking after the billeting of children on the estate. Her husband, Capt. the Hon. Sherman Stonor, son and heir of Lord Camoys, is in the Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry, and in his absence, his young family are living at Assendon Lodge, one of the houses on the Stonor estate. Their children are Julia, aged four, Thomas, three, Georgina, twenty months, and Harriet, six months



The old tennis court at Assendon Lodge provides a perfect setting for this family gathering

Photograph



A Few Minutes' Relaxation for Mutual Admiration

or Park and Forty Hall

Forty Hall, the Home of the
Parker Bowles near Enfield



Andrew listens to what his great-grandfather, Sir Henry Bowles, has to say, while Mrs. Parker Bowles looks after Simon in the push-cart

by Swaebe



The Old Arch at Forty Hall was Built in 1600



The rabbits are inspected by Mr. and Mrs. Parker Bowles with their sons and little niece



Community Feeding Down on the Farm

Cultivating a farm of 500 acres on his grandfather's estate near Enfield keeps Mr. Derek Parker Bowles busy in addition to his duties at the M.O.I. He and his wife (formerly Ann de Trafford) live in a house in the grounds of Forty Hall, home of Colonel Sir Henry Bowles. They have two sons, Andrew, aged three and a half, and Simon, who is two years younger. Little Zara Heber-Percy was staying with them when these pictures were taken. She is the daughter of Mr. Parker Bowles's only sister, Mrs. Algernon Heber-Percy



Mr. Richard Coppock: Newly Elected Chairman of the L.C.C.

Just over a month ago Richard Coppock, C.B.E., was elected Chairman of the London County Council. Since the day, forty-five years ago, when he was apprenticed to his father as a bricklayer and first joined his Trade Union, Dick Coppock has travelled far. An ardent supporter of Trade Unions, he became President of the International Federation of Building Trade Workers a number of years ago, and, as such, travelled extensively throughout Europe and America. He has written many pamphlets dealing with the organisation of the Building Trade, Workmen and Rationalisation. He was a member of the Manchester City Council from 1919-21, and was later elected an Alderman of the L.C.C. and Councillor and Chairman of Parks, Highways and Parliamentary Committees. As such, Mr. Coppock gained experience which should prove of immense value when the day comes for putting into effect the much-discussed County of London Plan prepared for the L.C.C. by Mr. J. H. Forshaw and Mr. Patrick Abercrombie and recently published by Macmillan & Co.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Wise Decision

PROPOSING giving two-year-olds time, it is encouraging to note that Mrs. B. Lavington has decided to retire Fair Fame, her Queen Mary Stakes winner, and not to run her again till next year's Classics. I am sure that this is a very wise decision. Fair Fame has done everything she has been asked to do: beaten all the best of them, including Blue Cap (very easily last time out in the 6 furlongs Fulbourne Stakes), and she is so well-bred that she is worth taking good care of. Her papa is Fairway, her mama Empire Glory, a daughter of Singapore. If that is not good enough on paper, I do not know what is. She might easily win next year's Leger, to say nothing about anything else, and by the present look of things she will not have much to beat so far as the colts are concerned. Miss Paget's Orestes by The Wop, sire Donatello II., out of Orison, who only won the Coventry Stakes by a head, may later enrich his reputation, and Lord Carnarvon's Gustator, a recent winner at Ascot, and beaten easily at Salisbury (July 24) by Mr. Joel's His Excellency, may be all that some people's fancy paints, but there is nothing definite to take hold of, and we must wait till the Middle Park and the Dewhurst. Fair Fame, however, does give you something to think about.

Equitation

ALTHOUGH it is as certain as most things are certain that we may never again see that advanced form of this art practised out fox-hunting, where you cannot know too many of the tricks, there are unquestionable indications that other kinds of equitation are not likely to die for want of patronage, even if for no other than medicinal reasons! As an aid to longevity and that schoolgirl complexion, the horse is an unrivalled implement. Learning how to remain in the dish or plate, as the saddle is so often, and so vulgarly, called, is a fascinating hobby and one open to all, provided always (a) they do not get started wrongly, (b) that their preceptor knows his stuff and has the gift of passing on his knowledge. Having had to "do with horses" throughout a long and not unpleasant connection, some few little points for the aspirant to becoming a Centaur (the only kind of performer worth a tinker's malediction) have impressed themselves on me, and so, in

the hope that they may be of some use, I will try to pass on my impressions, because they are never even mentioned in any of the books upon the "forward," "tip-up," "wash-ball," "vulgar," and so forth seats, merely prefacing things by saying that if you want to hit the target the first essential is a steady gun platform.

A Few Wrinkles

THE most convenient way may be a questionaire; so here goes: (1) Why, because you are asked to sit in a very comfortable thing shaped for the purpose—to wit, a saddle—go and get yourself into all sorts of Anglo-Saxon attitudes, which cannot be comfortable and are certainly ugly? (2) Why not sit exactly as you would in your favourite armchair with your hands in your lap and keep 'em there? (3) Why, if you do not let your partner swing wide into the blue when you are dancing with her, relinquish the feel (not the pull) between yourself and that other kind of partner, your horse? If a fencer, and you are wise, you keep a feel of the other chap's blade; if a rower, you keep a feel of the water, unless you want to be blasted into heaps by Coach. (4) Why, if you have ever sat in a swing or on a see-saw, not apply the same action to a much pleasanter and far more elastic swing—a horse? Incidentally, where is the point of greatest stability on a see-saw? And also on a ship in a head sea? I suggest somewhere amidships, and that if this is translated into horseback riding, a degree of comfort will be enjoyed. (5) Why, since your waist and your wrists were not originally made of cast iron, proceed to turn them into that unyielding substance the moment you start horseback riding? Quite unnecessary and, in fact, often fatal! (6) Why not, if you have never tried it, learn how to stand on one leg, take off your shoe and sock (or stocking) and replace same without holding on?

There is this further suggestion: never get the idea that every horse wants to run away or take every fence by the roots. If you never think that way, nine times out of ten he won't! Most people know a lot about wireless these days. Horses have known ever since the days of Alexander's Bucephalus—and before. They know even before the would-be rider gets on their backs who is going to boss the show!

(Concluded on page 148)



Dennis Moss

George Medallist at Home

Miss G. K. Tanner, a member of the London N.F.S., one of the few women awarded the George Medal. Her mare Blair is now seven years old



Dennis Moss

Mrs. Hobhouse and Black Shirt

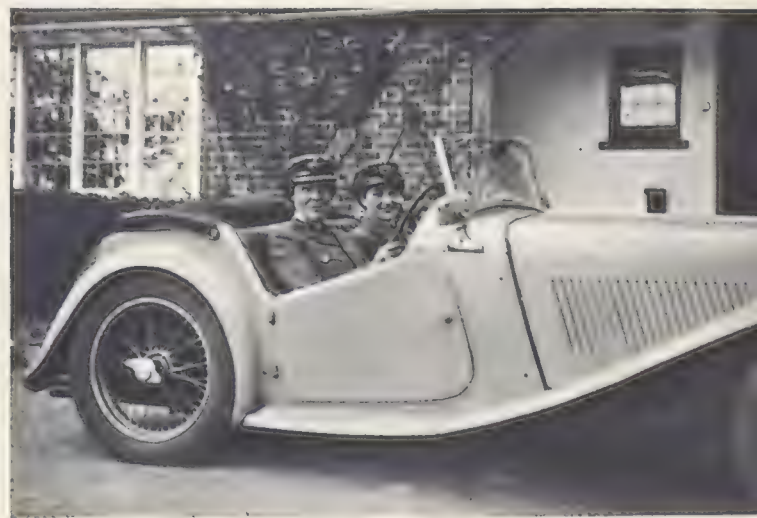
Mrs. Hobhouse is the wife of Capt. Hugh Cam Hobhouse, North Somerset Yeomanry. Her mare Black Shirt is thirty-three years of age



Winchester Cricket Team, 1943

D. R. Stuart

Winchester beat a Royal Naval Fleet Air Arm Station XI, by 163 declared to the Navy's 155 when this picture was taken recently. Standing: C. H. McLeod, N. B. E. Helme, M. F. C. Pickett, A. D. Callander, E. W. B. Myers, H. E. Webb. Sitting: G. G. Thornton, R. U. Stuart-Taylor, G. H. G. Doggart (captain), J. B. Thursfield, R. J. Haigh. On ground: J. V. Bardsley, D. R. Gard



Fighter Stations W.A.A.F. Personnel Inspected

G/O. P. Lewis, formerly in command of W.A.A.F. personnel at H.Q., R.A.F., Middle East, has recently toured fighter stations in South-East England, inspecting W.A.A.F. personnel. She was accompanied on her tour by St/O. S/O. Wild. G/O. Lewis is now the Officer Commanding W.A.A.F. H.Q., Fighter Command

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

"Peter" Knew About It

THE immortal Beckford has not been handed down to us by his biographers (Mr. A. Henry Higginson, one-time joint-Master of the Cattistock amongst them) as what is known as a "riding man," the kind Mr. Jorrocks called "h'elbows and legs," but after a course of riding some much over-bent steeds in a manège at Pisa and allowing that a knowledge of the aids was a great help, he arrived at some quite correct conclusions. He wrote: "I agree with you that a dressed horse (dressage means all the tricks of the *haute école*) requires a skilful person to manage him; he is used to a weight that he bears less unwillingly, owing to its firmness; he is also accustomed to particular 'aids,' to which he has learned a ready obedience. Put a man on his back whose body has not acquired the equilibrium of the manège seat; let him bend him one way when he means he should go the other; let the aid of his leg be in opposition to that of his hand, and I make no doubt the sagacious animal will resist, and endeavour to avail himself of the unsteadiness and of the unskilfulness of his rider." "Peter" said that over-dressed horses were all right in their place, and we do not need to be told that the circus horse is no use at all out hunting or in a steeplechase. At the same time, it is equally true that the man with a good knowledge of the aids may avert many a peck or a flounder from turning into a major disaster, and is far more likely to have a horse balanced and on the correct leg round a turn than the man who knows nowt about it. Polo is a very good school indeed for this sort of thing. Lord Lonsdale, a first-class horseman wherever he was put, always contended that a horse that would not rein back readily was unlikely to be a good jumper. This just fits in with what we and "Peter" have been talking about. The recipe is: learn all you can about both departments. And you can never know too much. The best school to which to go, of course, is the horse himself. The more "schoolmasters" you employ the better.

Scratched for All Engagements?

Nor quite! For there is one for which he is a certain starter, the Great International Crooks Stakes, for which there will be a field of at least a thousand, and The Bull Frog will start second favourite.



Officers of a Station Staff Somewhere in Scotland

D. R. Stuart

Back row: F/Lt. J. Livingston, F/Lt. L. G. Simon, F/Lt. N. E. Fawcett, F/Lt. M. H. Farthing, F/Lt. E. P. Whitehorn, F/Lt. F. Hood, F/Lt. G. L. Armitage, F/Lt. H. W. Henshall, F/Lt. A. D. Miller, F/Lt. G. Irving. Sitting: S/Ldr. M. S. Turpin, Rev. J. W. Mayer, S/Ldr. J. S. Saxby, G/Capt. O. D. Smallwood, C.B.E., T.D., F/Lt. S. G. Mackley, S/Ldr. G. H. Duthie, F/Lt. F. D. C. Taylor



Off-Duty in Scotland

S/O. H. I. Macrae, S/O. J. L. Grassick and 3rd/O. D. Lisle join forces to give the Station mascots Hamlet and Simon their daily constitutional



D. R. Stuart

Naval Officers Down South

Back row: Surg. Lt./Cdr. A. D. Latham, Lt. G. S. Barry, Surg. Lt. G. A. Betts. Sitting: Lt./Cdr. A. D. Slatter, M.B.E., Lt. W. G. English, M.B.E.



Signals Officers of a R.A.F. Command Station

Back row: S/Ldr. A. McLellan, S/Ldr. L. Norris, P/O. N. E. N. Guy, Dr. T. Walmsley, G/Capt. W. S. Allen, G/Capt. W. B. Hebdon, W/Cdr. W. P. Wilson, G/Capt. J. T. Paine, W/Cdr. L. H. Stewart, W/Cdr. J. Shepherd-Smith, G/Capt. M. Watson, Mr. Cockerell, W/Cdr. H. Barker, Mr. Boroughs. Front row: G/Capt. G. K. Chandler, Col. E. B. Garland, Air Cdre. W. E. Theak, Air Vice-Marshal O. G. Lywood, Air Cdre. J. G. W. Weston, G/Capt. R. G. Hart and G/Capt. F. Porter

The Pessimist

EVEN his virtuosity will be severely tested by the task that awaits him now, the favourable presentation to his public of a costly and apparently quite inconclusive offensive in Russia, a successful Allied campaign in Sicily, and an unrelenting air assault upon the industry and communications of the Reich."

But surely this is taking too gloomy a view? He has, be it always remembered, the aid of his Italian opposite number, Virginio Gayda, whose nose may now be out of joint, and an unnamed Japanese gentleman, the former of whom has told an expectant world that the Italian Navy has "swept the Allies out of the Mediterranean," and the latter that "the Axis have now got the British (in Sicily) exactly where they want them." Göbbels can beat this with one hand tied behind his back.

Two Judges

A CORRESPONDENT (from afar off) has written about the proposed racing reforms and the suggestion for two judges in the box, and says that it is the handicapper's job to watch the whole field.

It is, of course, the handicapper's job to cultivate the photographic eye, and note anything that could have been closer up if ridden out, but on which the jockey, quite justifiably, had ceased to persevere when the contest had obviously become hopeless, but the judge and his assistant can be of great aid here also.



Once More into the Breach—a Walrus to the Rescue

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

When flying men from Iceland to Hong Kong talk about the good old Shagbat they mean the Walrus—that faithful, venerable, amphibious biplane which has been “the eyes of the Fleet” (and a good deal more besides) for the last eight years all over the world. It’s slow; it’s noisy in the air, with a whine from its Bristol Pegasus engine peculiarly its own; it’s limited in range. But it’s tough and trusty and its war record is superb. Anti-submarine patrols, raider hunting, convoy work, bombardment spotting, supply carrying—there’s hardly a job which the Walrus can’t do at a pinch. It can land on carriers, terra firma or water, and can even be catapulted from men-o’-war. Air-Sea Rescue, in conjunction with high-speed launches, is another of its specialities, and the fine feat of an A.S.R. Walrus over the North Sea was the subject of a recent broadcast. This particular old war-horse went to look for eight men adrift in a dinghy, found them, came down on the sea and took them on board. But the load was too heavy and the seas too ‘rough for the Walrus to become airborne, so the pilot taxied her for over sixty miles and got safely to port with rescuers, rescued and ‘plane all unhurt

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Greece

"WIND OF FREEDOM": The History of the Invasion of Greece by the Axis Powers, 1940-1941 (Chatto and Windus; 15s.), comes to us from the pen of Compton Mackenzie—and a fitter pen could not, I believe, be found. Compton Mackenzie knows the country of which he writes, the people whose spirit he pictures here. Greece has been more to him than that ancient heroic myth that compelled so many English imaginations. In the war of 1914-18 he served in the Gallipoli campaign as a Captain in the Royal Marines; he then became Military Control Officer in Athens and, afterwards, Director of the Aegean Intelligence Service. Of these years he has already given us records—his *Gallipoli Memories*, *Athenian Memories*, *Greek Memories* and *Aegean Memories* (which last did not appear until the outbreak of the present war). This present story, of the invasion and the resistance, could, no doubt, have been pieced together by any writer of sufficiently sound intelligence who had received the Greek Government's help—and it would be stirring, whatever way it was told. But that *Wind of Freedom* should be not merely a worthy record but in itself a grand and outstanding book, is due, I think, not only to the experience but to the temperament of Compton Mackenzie. Here is not only a scene well known to the writer, but a subject to which he makes a special response.

The story of Greece, 1940-41, is not—as the prefatory note explains and the telling makes evident—yet complete. Much of the material wanted is wanting still: the Greek Government could not furnish what it had yet to receive. The author asks that, in view of unavoidable gaps, *Wind of Freedom* be regarded as "a provisional attempt to present the outline of the story." Even so, he adds that if a single one of his fellow-countrymen who reads the book does not feel bound to Hellas by an infrangible tie of gratitude, he will, in his own view, have failed. He has not failed—for Greece shines through his pages, our debt to her is made clear, and I think that no English heart will remain unstirred.

—And Rome

FOR the moment, darkness lies over Greece; from the Acropolis the Swastika has been flown. But her tragedy is not the tragedy of dishonour—that fate, sordid and unredeemed, has been kept for her enemy, Italy. Greece stands as high, at this moment, as Rome lies low. Throughout *Wind of Freedom*, the successors to the two ancient civilisations from which, back through time, we derived our own, stand weighed and pitted against each other. The Greek, as he has shown himself to the world, might be proud to stand face to face with his forefathers, but to what, in Fascism, has the Roman greatness declined! Mr. Compton Mackenzie's account of Italian behaviour,

of the entire attitude typified by attack on Greece, has more than frigid justice; it has a savagery into which the heart throws itself—for Italy was "a country I also loved." We witness the degradation of the attacker through an unsparing, because of a suffering, eye.

Were it not for the ugliness, there could well be comedy in the tale, as given in *Wind of Freedom*, of the twists and turnings of Italian so-called diplomacy, vis-à-vis Greece, prior to the 1940 attack. These were far from subtle; they were, in fact, of a bumptious crudeness that could not have deceived a child. The "mezzosignore" mentality—as evinced in these conversations, notes and dementis—curls up under the white-hot ironic pen that gave us the more ruthless Compton Mackenzie novels. But, as the gravity of the story deepens, as we pass from the stuff for a satire to the stuff for an epic, the pen becomes, properly, more austere—the historian's, no longer the novelist's. I was about to say "the impassive chronicler's"—but to remain impassive would not be human here.

"Aera! Aera!"

THE policy of General Metaxas, of his Ministers and his Ambassadors, had been based on the hopes of preserving Greek neutrality. Onward from the outbreak of this present war, the behaviour of the Greek Government, with regard to all belligerents, is shown as impeccably neutral. Incidents of increasing seriousness, culminating in torpedoing, by an Italian submarine, of the Greek light cruiser *Helle* in the harbour of Tenos, were overlooked: the



Yvonne

Actress Wife of Well-Known Sportsman

Actress Joan Maude, daughter of Nancy Price and a niece of Cyril Maude, is the wife of Capt. Frank Waters, R.M., the Scottish rugger international. She has recently been working on a new film "The Lamp Still Burns," which is the screen adaptation of Monica Dickens's "One Pair of Feet," and is the last film to be produced by the late Leslie Howard. Capt. and Mrs. Waters have one daughter, Sarah Jenny, aged five. Their hobby is collecting books.

Government lodged no protest it was not prepared to back to the last degree. Provocative acts and insulting Press campaigns, on the part of Italy, were ignored. Neutrality was, in fact, maintained with a dignity that, in a small nation, honoured it as a choice—till the point came where it could not be maintained with honour. Finally, to the Italian ultimatum demanding Greek territory for use as war bases, General Metaxas gave an unqualified "No."

On October 28th, 1940, at three o'clock in the morning, Greece became, therefore, at war with Italy. "At this solemn moment I am confident that every Greek man and woman will do their duty to the last and will show themselves worthy of our glorious past. With faith in God and in the destiny of the race, the nation, united and disciplined as one man, will fight in defence of hearth and home until final victory..." Thus ran the King's Proclamation, given later that morning. And never has royal faith in a people been more heroically justified.

Of the fighting itself, of the routing of the Italians by the small, not-well-equipped Greek forces, of the driving back of the Italians across Albania (not one of these set a foot on Greek territory till, with their dirty work done for them, they swaggered in "triumphantly" on the Germans' tail), the history follows. "Aera! Aera!" was the Evzones' battle-cry—and into battle they went like "a rushing mighty wind." Up the steep side of one hill the Evzones held climbed old village women, carrying up supplies.

(Concluded on page 152)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other evening I took a drink in a large country pub. It has become chromium-plated out of its period, but it still remains "pubby" and in the country. Near the door—too near the door—sat a once-famous actress of the lighter stage. She had undoubtedly become fat, but she was still only forty in the minds of those who liked to believe they were her contemporaries. In her hand she held the last of a series of double-whiskies, and she had reached that stage in their effect when she was prepared to ask herself to sing one of her more famous musical numbers and to oblige herself without demur. Alas! at that moment the swing-door was rudely pushed open and a young soldier bounced in. It was undoubtedly an "entrance," a dramatic entrance, but it had been badly under-rehearsed. It took the ex-star off her guard, upset her chair and her double-whisky, and, moreover, landed her in an undignified position almost on the lap of the man who occupied the neighbouring seat. She recovered her dignity, however, in an outburst of dramatic fury, which had its funny, as well as its pathetic side.

"To think," she cried, "that kings have been proud to sit in my dressing-room and now I am pushed over by a lance-corporal!"

Whereat I seemed to see a wry kind of moral! For, if we live long enough, life has a humbling habit of dashing our pride against lance-corporals. The famous Beauty, who is at least twenty years older than the colour of her hair but simply

won't believe it, has undoubtedly met him. So has the Wit whose sallies have reached *vieux jeu*. So has the General who has become a Blimp. So has the millionaire grown senile. So has the writer who has written himself out. So has the film-star who has been superseded in public favour. So has the Royal Academician whose "pictures of the year" are now sold for a song. So has the preacher whose present "fans" consist almost entirely of old ladies. So has the Ancient Regime in almost every land. So have hansom-cabs, Inverness capes, straw hats, Mrs. Grundy, swooning females, sexually giddy old ladies, dirty old men, Hitler, Mussolini and puns.

Invariably, too, this metaphorical Lance-Corporal is an ill-mannered intruder. We dislike him at sight, but have to get used to him. Probably, however, he does us a lot of good; especially if we keep bumping into him throughout our lives. Otherwise, we might get so cocksure of our importance that we should become a conceited absurdity in our old age. It is fatally easy, the more fatal if we have been anything at all in the past. The art of being Great is, I suppose, the art of knowing when not to strut. It is the more difficult art to achieve as we are less really great. Plus, of course, the gift of recognising this metaphorical Lance-Corporal when we see him. We learn to know him in time—we simply have to—for if humbleness of the inner-spirit fails to teach us, our arteries assuredly will!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Feachem—Greenhow

Dr. C. G. P. Feachem, Ph.D., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Feachem, of Warneford, Stoke Poges, Bucks., married Margaret Flora Greenhow, only daughter of Mrs. A. P. Greenhow, of Astbury, Albert Square, Bowdon, Cheshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Ramsay—Newton

Major R. D. Ramsay, R.A., elder son of the Bishop of Malmesbury and Mrs. Ramsay, of Brinkworth, Chippenham, Wilts., married Cherry Jacqueline Newton, daughter of Capt. R. Newton, of 7, Park Lane, London, and Tunbridge Wells, and the late Mrs. Newton, at St. Martin-in-the-Field's, London



Murray-Jones—Grayburn

Lt. Paul Murray-Jones, R.N., only son of Surg.-Capt. and Mrs. Murray-Jones of Wye, Kent, married Elizabeth Ann Grayburn, only daughter of Sir Vandeleur M. Grayburn, and the late Mrs. Grayburn, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Ponder—Tidman

Surg.-Lt. R. C. Ponder, R.N.V.R., third son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ponder, of Abbey Court, Maidstone, married B. R. Tidman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Tidman, of The Cottage, Sandy Lane Road, Cheltenham, at the Royal Dockyard Church, Sheerness



l'Anson-Banks—Hall

Lt. Charles l'Anson-Banks, Border Regt., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. l'Anson-Banks, of Tannery House, Whitehaven, Cumberland, married Suzanne Mary Hall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall, of Willow Cottage, Rod Eyott, Henley, at Henley Parish Church



Storry—Rutter

F/O. Colin G. Storry, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Storry, of Brisbane, Australia, married Joan Phyllis Rutter, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Owen Rutter, of The Croft, Wargrave, Berks., at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens



Penney—Tucker

W/Cdr. H. W. Penney, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Penney, of 62, Parkway, Raynes Park, S.W.20, married Beryl Enid Tucker, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Tucker, of Cheldon, Upton Park, Slough, Bucks., at St. Lawrence's Church, Upton



Ruttle—Moriarty

F/Lt. H. S. Ruttle, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruttle, of Portlaw, Waterford, Eire, married Joyce Mayo Moriarty, younger daughter of the late J. O. M. Moriarty, and of Mrs. Moriarty, of the White Cottage, Crownhill, Plymouth, at St. Paul's Church, Portman Square



Davidson—Owen

Lt. Alexander F. S. Davidson, R.N.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Davidson, of Oakstead, Radlett, Herts., married Margaret Eleanor Owen, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lowe Owen, of Santa Cruz, Tenerife, at Aldenham Church, Herts.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 137)

News from Washington

THE marriage announced last week between Mr. Benjamin Plunket, M.V.O., of the British Embassy, Washington, and Miss Pamela Whatley has been read with particular pleasure by their many former Washington friends now back in London.

"Benjy" Plunket, younger son of the Right Rev. the Hon. Bishop Plunket, D.D., is one of the hardest working men in the British Embassy. Since the first days of the war, he has run the cypher room with a pretty regular fourteen-to fifteen-hour day, more often than not for a seven-day week. From those first crisis days, when the small Embassy staff and many of their wives spent every spare hour trying to catch up with the ever-growing pile of telegrams to be coded and decoded, "Benjy" Plunket has run the cipher-room quietly and efficiently. After a long day he would go off to dinner, for he was much sought after by Washington Society. But ten o'clock would usually see him back again, starting another shift until two or three in the morning. Now, with a big staff of expert cipher officers from London, his work is even more responsible.

The future Mrs. Plunket came to the Embassy early in 1940, and was soon taken by Mr. F. R. Hoyer-Millar, then Head of Chancery, now Secretary to the British Civil Secretariat, to be his Clerical Secretary. Pretty, a first-class tennis player, Miss Whatley has managed to combine tremendously hard and efficient work with the sort of gaiety and good humour which have made her one of the most popular Embassy members, not only with her colleagues, but in American circles in Washington.

Newmarket Special

RACING started at 11.30 on the second single-day meeting held during July at Newmarket. There was, as usual, a large crowd of Service men and women enjoying brief distraction from their arduous tasks, and the wartime atmosphere was further stressed by three magnificent squadrons of Flying Fortresses which flew over the racecourse on their return from an expedition to the Continent.

The Hon. George Lambton and Michael Beary, the stable jockey, who have both had a chequered season until now, broke their luck with a vengeance, enjoying a brilliant day with three winners and a second. The first was Peradventure, owned in partnership by Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam. Miss Sybil Lambton, racing for only the second time this year, as she is so busy on the farm, was in riding clothes, having ridden a hack up to the course in front of Peradventure. She chose a good day to come, as the stable went from strength to strength, the next winner being a real family success, Triumvir, which Mr. Lambton trains for his brother, Brig.-General the Hon. Charles Lambton. Triumvir is General Lambton's only racehorse, and is by Trimdon, who belonged to him when he won two Ascot Gold Cups. Mr. Martin Benson, whose three-year-old Careless Talk completed the stable treble, most sportingly chose to take on a very hot field in the last race and let Michael Beary win on him, rather than run the horse in the Apprentice race, for which he must have been a cast-iron certainty.

A really good day's sport was made perfect by the good fortune enjoyed, and so much deserved, by the Lambton family, because, though each decade brings its stars in the racing world, there is, and always will be, only one George Lambton.



G. G. Garland

Minister of Agriculture in West Sussex

During one of his recent tours of agricultural centres, Mr. R. H. Hudson visited the nurseries of A. G. Linfield at Thakeham. He was escorted round by the Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell, sister-in-law of Lady Denman, Director of the Women's Land Army

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

As a single superb act on the part of a little nation, Greek defiance of the Axis could have been much. Its moral effect was mighty, as that alone. But it was more; it was not only a turning-point but the actual turning-point of the war—whose importance can perhaps only now be seen. The time gained by the Greek stand, at the cost of that splendid agony, has proved vital. For Hitler, and for the jackal who took his orders, this was the first spanner thrown into the Axis works—and the works have not run so smoothly since. In that dark October of 1940, Britain and the Dominions were standing against the Axis alone, with no single other ally.

The darkness and chill of that three o'clock were symbolic of that dark and chill hour of human history, in which the liberty of Europe seemed to be expiring. Poland had been bestially mangled. Finland had been overpowered. Norway had been overwhelmed. Denmark had surrendered. Holland and Belgium had been trodden underfoot. France had cried "Enough." Yet Greece, disdaining the darkness and the chill, gave an answer which must outlive even the unimaginable touch of time. We who heard the news in Britain, we fighting on in that dark hour alone, grasped the dear small hand of Greece offered to us in the darkness, and found a new faith in the ultimate invincibility of free men.

Prime Ministers

NOT all English Prime Ministers have been orators—at least, by standard most lately set. The Duke of Wellington really disliked speaking, while three of his predecessors, in the eighteenth century, apparently left nothing much to record. And how many could have stood up to the microphone? Reading *England is Here: Selected Speeches and Writings of the Prime Ministers of England, 1721-1943*, edited by W. L. Hanchant (The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.), I found observations and questions drifting in and out of my mind. Incidentally, I got the useful answer to a question I had, stupidly, never asked—since when has England had a Prime Minister? Also, who was the first, and what were his dates?

"How the power of the prime minister grew up into its present form," wrote Lord Melbourne, in 1841, to the young Queen who was his pupil in politics, "it is difficult to trace precisely, as well as how it became attached, as it were, to the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury." But Lord Melbourne apprehends that Sir Robert Walpole was the first man in whose person this union of powers was decidedly established.

A Prime Minister was, it appears, first felt to be necessary in the reigns of our two first Hanoverian Kings: George I. was absent from many Cabinet Councils on the plea that he understood little English, George II. because he preferred Hanover—thus, executive power, held in name by the King, had to be permitted to pass into other, and chosen, hands. George III.—no absentee, patriotic and lively—resented the royal loss: the arbitrary line he took made him conflict with his Cabinet; until Pitt, under the long stress of the war with France, could insist that a first Minister was necessary, and that his functions and status should be defined. It was not, however, until so late as 1907 that the official position of the Prime Minister was formally recognised.

With Sir Robert Walpole, therefore, *England is Here* opens; with Winston Churchill it comes to a close, or pause. With varying power and depth and range, sometimes in rounded periods, sometimes in curt, swift phrases, sometimes (one must admit) with a prosiness only boned by conviction, but always with the authority of their office, these men have spoken, for England as well as to her. We have been given each speaker, presumably, at his best.

We have had Prime Ministers of outstanding culture; we have had several who wrote more happily than they spoke. Accordingly, extracts from writings complete the book. . . . Here, outstanding, are Walpole, the elder and younger Pitt, Canning, Melbourne, Palmerston, Grey and Russell, Disraeli and Gladstone, Lloyd George, Asquith—and our present Prime Minister. The effect of *England is Here*, need I say, is inspiring. A "Calendar of Liberty," at the beginning, runs through auspicious dates, from Magna Carta up to the Beveridge Report.

Beerbohm and Strachey

"LYTTON STRACHEY" (Cambridge University Press; 1s. 6d.) is, in printed form, the Rede Lecture given by Max Beerbohm at Cambridge in 1943. In the lecturer and the friend whom he makes his subject, civilisation, as we know it to-day (or, as one might say more sadly, remember it), goes probably to its most finished point. It is fitting that one wit should salute the other. The elusive, allusive, mocking, declamatory "Max" in this role of lecturer may, at first, surprise you—here and there a most unofficial smile breaks through. The speaker admits himself foreign, and shows Lytton Strachey foreign, to this age, dedicated to the cult of "the Common Man."

Born at Orel

OREL, to-day big in the battle headlines, was in 1818 the tranquil birthplace of Turgenev—the most sensitive, true and not least great artist among Russian novelists of his time. He was a cosmopolitan: "To dine with Turgenev," they said, "is to dine with Europe." But, underneath everything, Russia held him—and, most of all, the country round his estate (that very landscape now being fought over) has been rendered immortal by his art. *Ivan Turgenev*, his biography, by J. A. T. Lloyd (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), shows the struggle Russia set up inside one spirit. Published last year, this remains a book for to-day.



Since 1790...

Uninterrupted since 1790 until the present day has been the production of Schweppes Table Waters. But to meet the national need for economy in materials and transport, Schweppes has now to give place to a wartime standard product as laid down by the Ministry of Food.

A reference in the *Essay on the Medicinal Properties of Factitious Aids* by Tiberius Cavallo published in 1798 to "the excellence of the soda water prepared in London by Mr. J. Schweppe" shows how early was the traditional supremacy of Schweppes established.

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The Eddystone Lighthouse was originally built on Eddystone rocks in 1698, by Henry Winstanley. Since then, three more towers have been built. The present one, by J. N. Douglas, was completed in 1882. For over 60 years it has endured the lashing of the sea, and still, with the spray sometimes rising to the lantern—133 feet above high water level—it flashes and voices its infallible warning and guidance to our shipping. Well can the sailor look to the Eddystone Lighthouse and say, as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

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A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



● Practical and useful are the linen shorts on this page from Harrods, Knightsbridge. They have been so cut that they are flattering to the figure. The shirt is of a pink cotton.



● To Lillywhites, Piccadilly, must be given the credit for the shepherd's plaid trousers. They are reinforced with clever pleats below the waist. A warm woolly shirt completes the scheme.



● Here is a classic tailor-made from Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is of soft suiting, and is available in several colour schemes. It has step revers, square shoulders and neat pleated skirt.



We have a limited number of pure silk crêpe de chine cami-knickers, which are unrepeatable, well made with shaped bodice fitting the figure and generous bias cut skirt. Bust sizes 34 to 40 ins. In pink and white only. Cami-knicker **83/-** (3 coupons)

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Stories from Everywhere

THE big business man, obliged to take a quicker lunch than usual, went to a nearby café and ordered the best that could be had. Sitting opposite him was a well-built if over-slim young man, attacking some bread and cheese, and casting envious looks at his neighbour's plate. The latter, noting this nodded sympathetically, and queried:—

"Athlete on a diet, old chap?"

"No," came the reply, "one of your travellers on commission."

Two Irishmen worked side by side in a stone quarry. One of them, Flanagan by name, was careless in handling dynamite one day, and the other, Ryan, was given the job of carrying the sad news to his widow. "Mrs. Flanagan," said he, "isn't it today when the fellow calls for the payment of your husband's life insurance?"

"It is that," was Mrs. Flanagan's reply.

"Well," proceeded Ryan, "ye can snap your fingers at him now."

THERE are many good stories told around the well-known American woman columnist, Dorothy Parker, of which the following is one:—

An American millionaire had a lovely place in Pennsylvania that was flat land until he renovated it into an attractive paradise. He was telling Dorothy Parker how he bought thousands of pine trees, built a huge pool, and purchased acres of floral things, etc. "Think what God could do," sighed Miss Parker, "if He had your money."

MILITARY experts say that the piercing of the German defences in Russia must have been planned by men of great intellect. A brains thrust.



"I'm tired of this one, Lewis, throw him out"

FOR his gallantry a Scottish soldier was given a decoration. A week or so later a friend asked him: "And what does the wife think of your medal, Sandy?"

"She doesna' ken yet," was the reply. "It's no my turn to write."

A COUNTRYMAN heard that the job of watchman at a single-line railway crossing was vacant.

"You'll have to undergo a strict examination, the man in charge said when he applied for the job."

"Ask me anything!" said the applicant.

"All right. Supposing you are at the crossing and two trains are coming along from opposite directions, what would you do?"

"I'd blow my whistle."

"Supposing your whistle was out of order?"

"I'd always wear a red shirt, and I'd take it off and flag the trains."

"Let's say this happened at night."

"Then I'd swing my lantern."

"But suppose you had no oil in your lantern."

"In that case I'd call my wife."

"Your wife? What for?"

"I'd just say to her: 'Come on down, missus, and see the mightiest wreck you ever saw in all your life!'"

"PETERBOROUGH" in *The Daily Telegraph* tells this story:—

A Berlin worker asked a bank clerk how to invest his life-savings of one thousand marks. "Buy State bonds," he was advised. "But," he replied, "supposing the State goes broke?"

"You forget the Nazi party will see that it doesn't."

"But," persisted the man, "supposing the Nazi party collapses?"

"Well," was the answer, "isn't that worth one thousand marks?"

"I cannot understand," said the young man, "why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitter-opposed to our engagement, because you said it wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace your family."

"That, young man," said the girl's father, "was sentiment. This is business."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

First Hand

A FEW first-class accounts have appeared of aerial actions by trained writers who have travelled in the aircraft. They have given vivid pictures of the whirling events of combat and of the surging of the emotions that occurs in the breasts of those taking part in them.

These accounts are going to play an important part in air war history. They give many details which are neglected in other reports and they offer a direct realism which is unattainable (and indeed undesirable) in an official communiqué.

It remains only for the air war historian to arise who can master the whole, instead of only one part, of the picture; who can depict the clash of large air fleets and make us see the astonishing *mêlée* of machines as they spin wildly on their inter-related orbits.

Winston Churchill has done it with naval actions. He has described them so that we can visualise enormous fleets bearing down upon one another and then plunged into the thunder of tremendous battle. But aerial battle, I think, is a more elusive subject. There is always that accursed third dimension which makes it almost impossible to state what are the courses of the aircraft engaged except in long, clumsy sentences.

Formation Problems

THOSE who seek to instruct in air tactics (a job I have tried to tackle more than once) find that third dimension constantly getting in the way. They cannot draw neat diagrams upon the blackboard and hope by that means to give their pupils the facts.

One day, I suppose, some ingenious person will invent a three dimensional device for representing the movements of aircraft in battle quickly and accurately by means of models; but no such device has appeared as yet. The models that are used are laboriously set up in position and their relative motions cannot be shown nor their changes of relationship to one another.

As air formations grow in size it becomes more than ever necessary to have some convenient means of representing them in miniature. But the invention of

perpetual motion seems easy compared with the invention of a means of portraying free three-dimensional movement and relationships. Bring me that three-dimensional blackboard, Jones.

High and Low

I'M high, but I'm low, sings Mr. Walter Crisham in the pleasingly acid revue at the Ambassadors. He is seen in the crow's nest, swaying on the "high and giddy mast" and not feeling too good about it. And in aviation it is a truism that those who are high, are low.

Oxygen want or something makes them less alert and less aggressive than they are when on the ground. It affects both friend and foe the same way; but obviously it would be an advantage if the Allies could devise a means of making air crews high when they are high.

The pressure cabin can do it; but it is a most complicated contrivance and although there have been many experiments I do not know of one complete success. But it seems logical to expect that the unexampled tangle of "toobes" with which the high-flying air crew member is festooned, will, in time, give way to a more efficient protective apparatus.

After all the trend of most vehicular development has been from the specially costumed driver, or chauffeur, to the well protected, normally costumed driver or chauffeur. The owner driver in 1939 did not look kindly upon the motor car which left its driver to the mercies of his clothing.

At some future date the aircraft occupant will be able to do his work (military or civil) in ordinary clothes, protected from oxygen want by appropriate devices. Oxygen bottles will then be as out of date as fur-lined face masks.

Moore-Brab: More Battles

SINCE the earliest days of aviation Lord Brabazon has been waging war for the betterment of flying.



Observer Corps Appointment

The appointment of Air Commodore Finlay Crerar, C.B.E., as Commandant of the Royal Observer Corps was announced in June. Air Commodore Crerar is a Scotsman, born in Aberdeen in 1904. He was formerly Deputy Director of Air Force Welfare

In the House of Lords he has instituted or taken part in many new battles. Just before writing these notes I have been reading the official report of the House of Lords debate of the Marquess of Londonderry's motion on July 13.

Lord Londonderry got in some shrewd thrusts and once more argued that the Air Ministry, absorbed with military requirements, was not the right department to have control of civil aviation. On that point I am still not entirely convinced that Lord Londonderry is right; for after all the Air Ministry knows most about aviation.

But on many of the other points I am entirely in favour of Lord Londonderry's contentions, and especially on the matter of facilities for aero-education. And Lord Brabazon struck a note that rang absolutely true for me when he urged that members of the aircraft industry should be allowed the

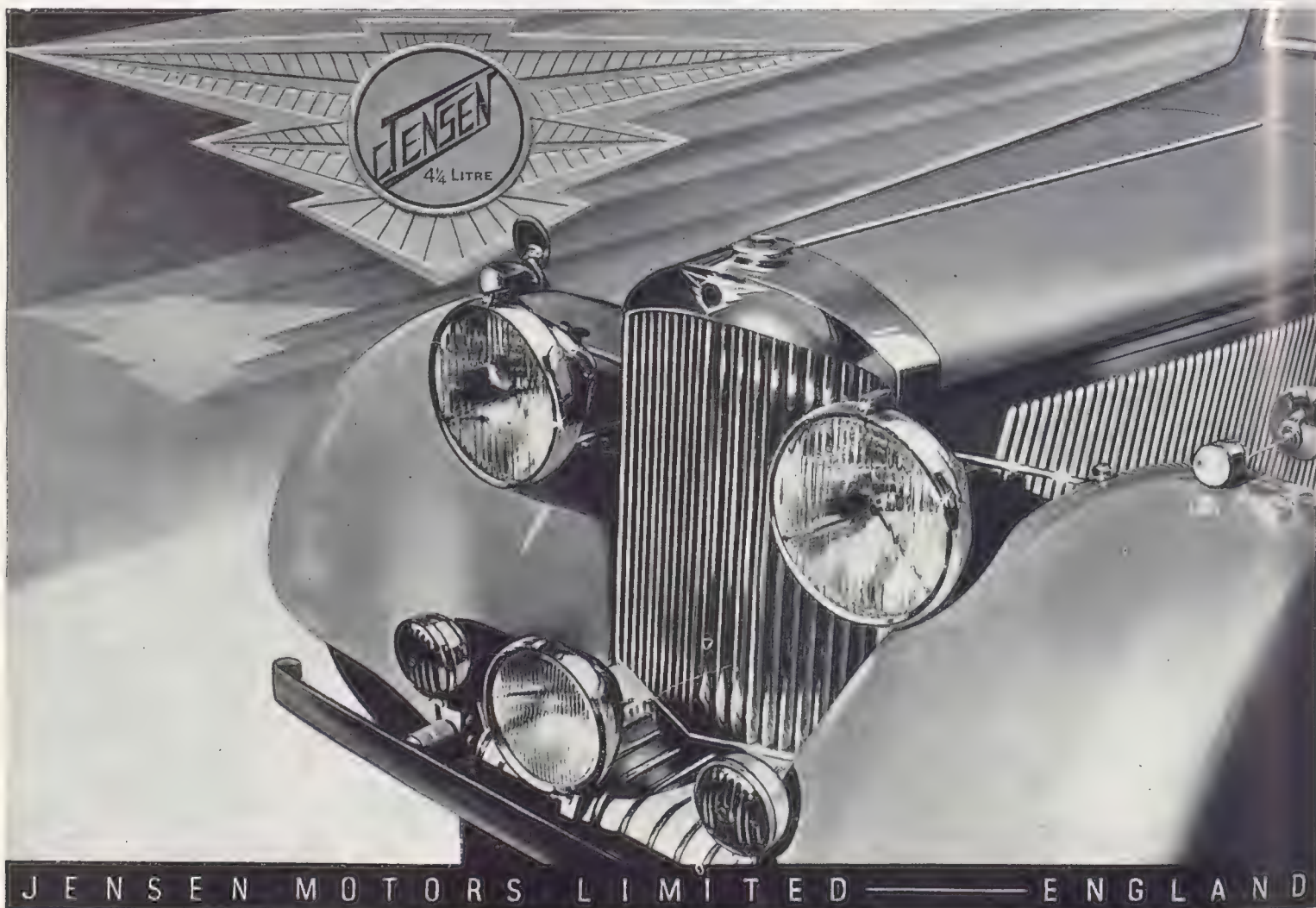
scope to set up their own *ad hoc* research establishments.

We want these central educational and research establishments no doubt; but do not let us regard them as the only things that can be said in aero-education or aero-research. There will always be room for the free and independent research worker provided you give him a reasonable chance of existing.

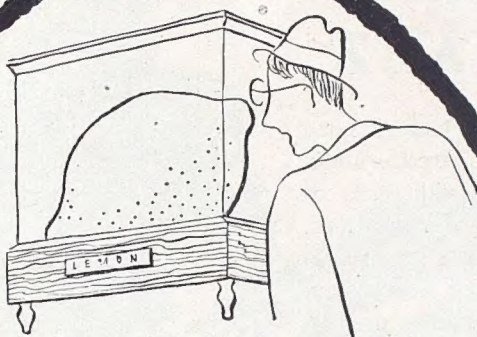
The operations of E.P.T. have made it hard for any private company to branch out on development work on even the most modest scale. In fact, E.P.T. makes it impossible for private enterprise to be enterprising.

In those circumstances it is rather hard that the companies should be lectured by ministers for not being enterprising. Those who are interested in the well being of the aircraft industry in the future should make a point of noting Lord Brabazon's remarks.

Lord Cherwell (better known to people in aviation as Professor Lindemann, a fine pilot and splendid research worker) made a good reply and I was glad to see that he announced that the creation of a school of aeronautical science had been accepted as desirable.



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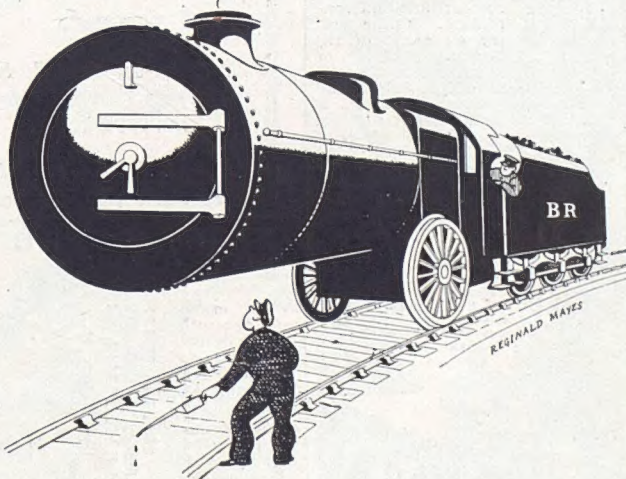
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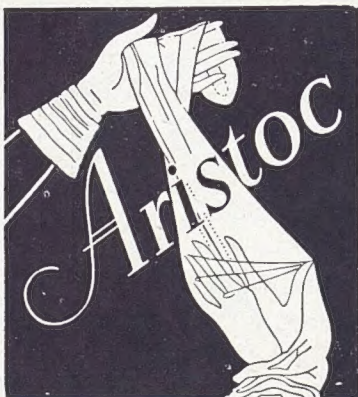
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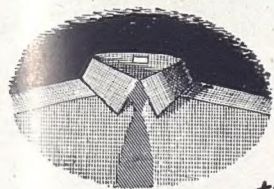
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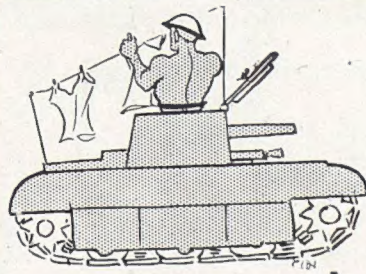
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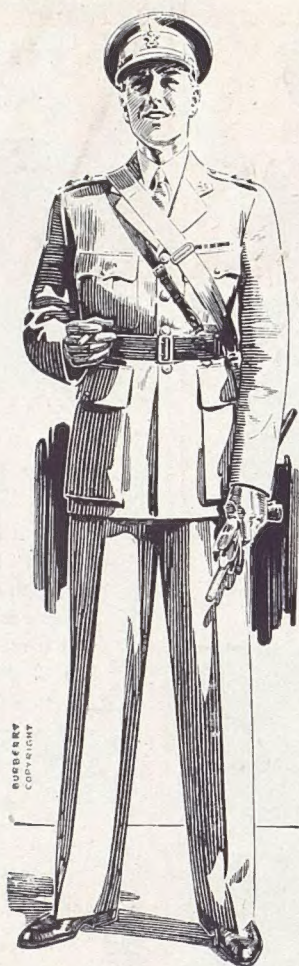
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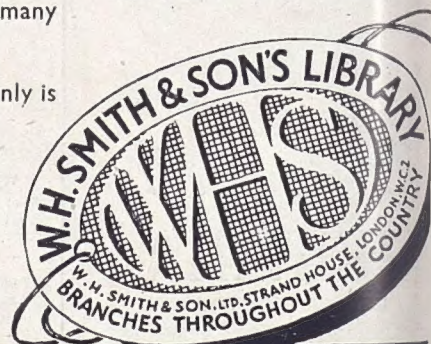
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